

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

Over 500,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as
a newspaper.

June 12, 1943

PRICE 3d

JOHN
MILLS

MEN ARE SO CLEVER

By DOROTHY BLACK

WHEN Fay first saw Mr. Ian she wanted to laugh. He looked like a gloomy Adonis. When Mr. Ian first saw Fay words failed him. He forgot to stop at his accustomed peg to throw his hat on to it, so that Miss Tasket and Miss Brink looked up, surprised.

Life in the office of Messrs. Mule, Wallet and Mule, Solicitors and Writers to the Signet, all fitted together neatly like a jig-saw puzzle. You noticed at once if a piece was missing.

"What's wrong with Mr. Ian?" asked Miss Tasket, mildly.

Fay said nothing. She was intelligent. She had her suspicions.

She had come in, at a moment's notice, to replace Miss Wilson, who had died, rather thoughtlessly, in the holiday season. Both Mr. Gerald and Mr. Ian had been away, so it fell to the lot of Mr. Chaplain, a nice man, but not one of any importance, to deal with the emergency.

"Replace Miss Wilson," Mr. Ian had instructed him by telegraph. What Mr. Ian failed to realise was that the Miss Wilsons of this world can no longer be replaced. The edition is out of print. Mr. Chaplain knew it was a pity from the firm's point of view that Fay was so pretty. He knew that Mr. Ian would have something to say, but Mr. Ian was only the junior partner. Mr. Gerald would not be back for another fortnight, so he, Mr. Chaplain, had that much grace before he need start looking for anyone else.

He had no intention of sacking Fay because of Mr. Ian, but he did cast a slightly disconcerted look at her as he passed through the office, in answer to Mr. Ian's late buzzing.

"What on earth possessed you," said Mr. Ian pompously, "to engage a girl like that? She is not at all the type we require."

"She can spell," said Mr. Chaplain. "And that's something."

"She is not our type. The senior partner will be horrified. She will obviously upset the rest of the staff. You must do something about it, get rid of her, procure another Miss



Wilson. We cannot have our old employees upset."

Mr. Chaplain retired, saying nothing. He had been tired of Mr. Ian for twenty-five years, so a little extra weariness made no difference.

Both Miss Tasket and Miss Brink had been prepared to dislike Fay heartily when she first came in. That only lasted a day. If Mr. Ian could have had a glimpse into the women's cloakroom a week later he would have had a surprise.

Miss Tasket was seated before the mirror. Her hair, until recently severely coiled, had been brushed out. The amazing secret had been laid bare that Miss Tasket's brown hair had golden lights and the prettiest wave in it.

It had been whipped up and piled in soft curls on top of her head. And Miss Tasket, looking in the mirror, suddenly remembered she wasn't forty yet, and not a hundred and ten, as she sometimes felt.

"Oh!" said Miss Tasket. She was pretty. Yes, she was still pretty.

Miss Brink said wistfully: "Do you think, dear, you can do anything for me?"

Miss Brink, Fay knew, wasn't going to be easy. She was sallow and rather more than slender. But Fay was a girl of spirit.

"You are more the artistic and interesting type, Brinkie. A bob, I think, and a perm. And a well-cut, soft blue dress. Yes, I know the very place I shall take you to. We'll go shopping on Saturday."

Mr. Gerald came in looking sun-burnt one of those foggy mornings. A hush fell on the office as he went through it. Mr. Gerald was not ornamental like his brother. He had a long, obstinate chin and a grim mouth.

"When he buzzes three times it's for you, dear," said Miss Brink. She did hope everything would go off all right.

He buzzed three times almost at once.

When Fay entered he looked up, expecting to see Miss Wilson. He had quite forgotten that she was dead. At the time he had been sorry and sent a suitable wreath, but for all that he quite expected to see her appear again when he buzzed three times. Mr. Gerald was used to being obeyed.

When he saw Fay he, too, was stricken speechless. He had not looked at her as he passed through the office. He never looked at nor spoke to anyone.

"Take a letter to Lord Vale," said Mr. Gerald, and swallowed with difficulty.

"My Lord.

"I will make a point of being here to see you on Thursday."

"Yours, etc."

"That is all," said Mr. Gerald, and felt convinced he had wasted a lot of time. No one looking as Fay looked could possibly be a good typist. He went into his brother's room.

"What is Chaplain thinking of?"

"I wish I knew," said Mr. Ian. "He is wearing a most extraordinary tie. Things have been happening here."

"They certainly have," said Mr. Gerald grimly. "Well, I don't think I can possibly let this young person handle Lord Vale's case. It is extremely confidential and needs tact and experience. I shall request Miss Brink."

Mr. Ian looked at him.

"Have you seen Miss Brink?"

"Not yet."

Mr. Gerald buzzed twice. That meant Miss Brink—a sensible woman who would understand what he meant without a lot of tedious explanation.

The door opened to admit another stranger. A tall, slim woman with short hair. A woman not unlike the Mona Lisa.

Mr. Gerald said, quite simply: "Good heavens!"

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Miss Brink, and smiled enigmatically.

Mr. Gerald said hurriedly: "No. No, thank you."

He had intended asking her to handle the Vale case, but what was the use? She was, if possible, worse than Fay.

But Mr. Gerald refused to be dismayed. Men are so clever at handling difficult situations. He buzzed firmly three times.

"Sit down, Miss Gilchrist, I feel there are one or two things I would like to say to you. Firstly, we do

"I thought I might as well save these," said Fay, firmly clasp the cashbox and papers.

not like bright colors, powder and lipstick in this office."

Fay said demurely: "I don't use lipstick, Mr. Gerald."

Mr. Gerald looked at her lips, and he thought involuntarily: "My foot, is youth really like that?"

"Here we have only the good of the firm and our clients at heart," said Mr. Gerald. "I would like you to bear that in mind while you are here."

The last words were fraught, or he hoped they were, with sinister meaning. But they had no effect on Fay.

Mr. Gerald then sent for Mr. Chaplain. He said: "That girl must go. I don't know what you were about—"

His voice faded. He had just seen Mr. Chaplain's tie. Heather, on an azure background.

"She's competent," said Mr. Chaplain. "I don't want to get rid of her till we've finished the Walberton case. She's efficient. If I put another girl on in the middle—"

"Keep her till that is finished, but not a day longer," said Mr. Gerald, and he glared at Mr. Chaplain's tie as if he hoped his eyes would scorch holes in it.

immediately," said Fay demurely. "I will tell him your lordship is here."

"For the love of Mike call me Sandy," he implored.

"I'm afraid it would never do," said Fay, and then smiled and added, "here."

The interview with Mr. Gerald opened on a sagging note.

"Well, Mule," said Sandy, trying to be bright, "am I going to be able to raise any more money, do you think?"

Mr. Mule said he feared not. "You might sell the place," he said.

"Who would buy it?"

Mr. Mule had also wondered.

"And then—there is everybody," said Lord Vale, vaguely.

It was indeed a problem. Lunch-time came, and still they were talking without getting anywhere. When at last Lord Vale passed through the outer office there was no one there but Fay.

Promptly the good resolutions Lord Vale had had when he saw that Income Tax Demand went whistling down the wind.

Please turn to page 20

TIRING DAYS FOR THE FEET

Zam-Buk

Ends Aching, Soreness and Swelling

SHOPPING, cooking, cleaning—all in a day's work—but oh, how trying for tired aching feet. Housewives and all workers who have more than their share of walking and standing to do will find freedom from foot troubles in this easy Zam-Buk treatment.

First bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly. Then massage Zam-Buk Ointment for a few minutes into the ankles, insteps, soles, and in between the toes. Zam-Buk soon rids the feet of tenderness, soreness, swelling and inflammation. It softens and removes corns and callouses.

So remember Zam-Buk tonight for comfortable feet to-morrow.

1/6 a jar.

For Skin and Foot Troubles



"I had to wear slippers as my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk ended my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. G. Lane.

Pass the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

EXHAUSTING "HANG-ON" BRONCHIAL COUGHS

STOPPED QUICK!

Three-way relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore, harsh throats.

MOUNTAIN MIXTURE lets you breathe. A single dose eases the tight, screwed-up congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, carraegen and peppermint relieve the cough that leaves you breathless and makes your throat red raw. MOUNTAIN MIXTURE acts at once, so get in touch with its soothing benefits right away. Buy a bottle under the guarantee that unless your cold begins to clear at once you may have your money back.

Mountain Mixture

PEPPERMINT

VIM

brings back lustre to pots & pans

CLEANS SMOOTHLY

A LEVER PRODUCT



THE TAMING of TESSA

By LOIS MONTROSS

AFTER the theatre that Tuesday evening, Tessa had been sure Carleton would ask her to marry him. She loved him so much that it seemed he must share her emotion. But perhaps she had been too excited, too young, too eager.

He had come into the apartment and had a nightcap with her in front of the fireplace. She loved everything about him—his broad surgeon's hands, his grey eyes, the faintly antiseptic smell of the young interne. But somehow he seemed to wear a sturdy armor which no wiles could penetrate.

Sitting on the hearthrug with her elbow on his knee, she asked provocatively: "Like me a little?"

"You drink too much. And barely twenty! You'll burn yourself out."

"Paul hasn't burned himself out."

"It's a wonder."

"You don't like Paul!"

"I do like Paul. Everybody likes your father. He'd give a fellow the shirt off his back. All the same, he's not a good father."

Tessa forgot she must be sweet and alluring. She blazed unprompted: "He's the most wonderful father in the world! I adore him! We've done everything together ever since he and my mother were divorced. I was seven then, and I chose him. Then my mother wanted me back when I was ten. But I still chose Paul! She couldn't tear me away from him!"

"I suppose nobody could," said Carleton thoughtfully.

She controlled herself and whispered in a very soft voice: "You could."

He bent down and asked: "What did you say, Thorn-in-my-flesh?"

But just then Paul had come in. What might have been the lovely moment vanished as the firewood was vanishing.

After Carleton had gone, Tessa flung herself down beside Paul on the lounge. He was mixing himself a highball. "Do you want a drink, my pet?"

"Yes. . . . Carleton says I drink too much."

"Really, really?" said Paul, with interest. "I hadn't noticed." He drained his glass. "I want to talk to you. We've hardly seen each other these last weeks."

"Not my fault," said Tessa. "You've been so busy exhibiting New York to New Orleans."

Laurel Conford had been flinging herself at Paul's head during the three months she had been up from the South. Ever since his unfortunate first marriage, Paul had grace-

fully eluded pursuing women. Now he turned around and looked straight into Tessa's petulant young face.

"At last I'm in love," he said.

Tessa leaped to her feet. "What do you mean, Paul? You've gone crazy! Laurel! Laurel Conford? I won't have it!" She stamped her foot. "I won't have it! You can't, you can't, you can't!" Then she went into long, convulsive sobbing.

"Dear, dear child," Paul murmured. "Stormy, winsome, rebellious child. . . . I knew you would hate it at first, but you do want me to be happy? We can't help whom we love, you know. To me Laurel is a new springtime. I've asked her to marry me."

"To marry you!" cried Tessa furiously. "Do you mean to present me with a stepmother? A girl about five years older than myself?" Furiously she hurled her glass on to the floor.

Paul sighed. "Perhaps I should have spanked you long ago. I never did. I was never a disciplinarian. I only wanted you to be happy. I thought, somehow, you'd like to see me happy."

In spite of herself, Tessa took his hand and squeezed it. "Have you been unhappy, Paul?"

"Dreadfully," he said. "I've never let you know. The drinking and dancing and playing around have been a crass concealment. Your mother—"

"Let's not talk about her!"

"But we must. I've always skipped the subject, but now we must talk of Gem."

"Gem!" said Tessa. "It's a preposterous name in the first place."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Paul. "Her father was a prospector, and I suppose he hadn't much taste. Gem—yes, I remember being quite startled when I heard her name. I first met her at a rodeo."

"I know all that, Paul," Tessa laughed derisively. "The courtship was a whirlwind, and in a few weeks you were married!"

"She was a wonderful rider," he said thoughtfully, "and in a great many ways a wonderful girl. We were just incompatible; that's all it was—Arizona girl marries New York painter. Didn't work, simply didn't

work. And you chose to live with me, and she was splendid about that."

"She didn't want me, anyhow," said Tessa bitterly.

"Ah, ah, wait," said Paul. "She's taken a great interest in your welfare. Your support all these years—since I was hit by the depression and of course my own laziness—"

"You don't mean—"

Paul nodded. "She has always supported you, Tessa. Her ranch in Arizona must be quite remunerative. Left her by that old dad, the prospector. She's built it up into quite a paying thing. I do hope you'll like it."

"What do you mean—I'll like it?" Tessa demanded. "I'm not going there!"

Paul avoided her glance. "That's why we must talk of Gem. You're going out to her in Arizona. It was the agreement. I'm bound to it. She stipulated that if ever I married again you must come back to her. Otherwise she won't give you another cent."

"Why?"

"Because," said Paul, smiling unhappily. "Gem said she'd never trust you with the kind of woman I'd marry the second time. No, you will have to go out to your mother. That's how it is, and there's nothing we can do about it."

With a loud cry, Tessa turned and ran to her bedroom.

Tessa had made up her mind to hate Arizona; and when she alighted at the Phoenix airport she looked around contemptuously.

She was met by an old man whose unpressed clothes seemed falling off his spare frame. He limped painfully, and she disliked anybody with an infirmity. He put her beside him on the front seat of the station-wagon; she sat as far from him as possible. After a long silence she said feebly: "It's a nice day."

"Always nice here," he said.

"Is the ranch far from here?" she asked.

"Just out a-ways." In about ten minutes he added: "Only ninety miles, no more."

Tessa groaned.

"Gem," said her escort suddenly, "asked me to explain how it was she couldn't meet you. Six new dudes arrived this morning."

"Dudes!" cried Tessa. Paul had carefully concealed the explanation of Gem's financial success. To think of one's own mother running a dude ranch!

She admitted that it was imposing in its crass commercial way. Getting stiffly out of the station-wagon, she looked at the low

"I was never a disciplinarian," sighed Paul as his daughter hurled her glass to the floor.

rambling house of adobe and redwood. Down by the stables a woman jumped from a horse and strode fast towards them. "Your ma," said the old man.

Tessa swallowed hard and braced herself. The woman was in riding-clothes which emphasised her hard athletic figure and broad shoulders. She had a bronzed face and wind-blown auburn hair, bobbed and straight.

Gem hurt Tessa's hand as she gripped it. "How you've grown!" she said. "Limp, she's grown up!" Her voice was a pleasant contralto. She led Tessa towards the patio.

"This is my Last Bison Ranch. Like it my girl? Look, here's the living-room. See the six-foot fireplace? Peek in the dining-room—seats forty people nicely. But we only run to fifteen house-guests at a time. Don't you ever dare call them dudes. They're all horse people who know their oats. This is a regular he-ranch—I raise horses and steers."

She took Tessa upstairs to a balcony which overhung the dining-room, and then into a large bedroom.

"Like it?" she asked proudly. "Newly done over just for you! Bedroom suite, chintz curtains, rugs, all new." She opened another door. "Bath connects—adjoining my room. What do you think of it all?"

Tessa stood in the middle of the room, trembling.

"I'm dazed," she said. "I'm—tired."

"Of course you are, my girl," said Gem. "I'll have Limpy fetch up your baggage. Get your bath. Don't worry about using all the hot water you want. There's plenty of it. Supper's at six. We don't dress."

"I do," said Tessa desperately. "I always do. (Never wear her lovely dinner-gowns again?)"

"Oh, well, just as you like," said Gem. "In fact, I'd like to see some finery for a change." She touched her daughter's slender shoulder almost timidly. "You're thin. I know the climate out here will do you good." Then she went quickly from the room.

When Tessa came downstairs she was wearing a tailored white satin dinner dress. She looked lonely.

Please turn to page 4



A Good Tonic

Take one or two
POWER'S TABLETS
with your morning
and afternoon tea
each day.

POWER'S TABLETS

Contain:—

Phosphorous for Nerve and Brain
Sodium for Blood and Heart
Manganese for Nerve and Blood
Iron for Digestion, Energy
Potassium for Muscle and Body Tissues
Calcium for Bone, Blood and Nerve

POWER'S TABLETS

LARGE FLASKS (60 Tablets). SMALL FLASKS (30 Tablets).

6/6 3/6

From all Chemists.

P.T.A.

SKIN SORES?

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Scrupulous. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.



WALKIE-TALKIE SETS

Those amazing duplex short-wave portables, carried on soldiers' backs in actual combat—are kept in action by long-lasting Eveready batteries.



SAFETY DEPENDS ON COMMON SENSE

in brown-outs. Wear white—avoid accidents by seeing with an Eveready.

EVEREADY'S WAR JOB is to provide flashlight batteries for fighters and civilians. We're doing our best to fulfil demands—help us by using Standard No. 950 Batteries.

WHEN LIGHT RAYS eventually weaken replace batteries at once. Worn out batteries spoil your flashlight.

EVEREADY

Ask for the No. 950—the extra long life Battery.

The Taming of Tessa

Continued from page 3

SHE wandered through the living-room, with its rough beams and prodigious fireplace, into a room where people were standing around a bar. They were all in sports-clothes. The men glanced curiously at Tessa, but went on talking horsey language which sounded dull, even stupid. The women had thin brown faces and hard-muscled bodies.

Gem was at the bar. "I'll have a highball," said Tessa.

The bartender glanced at her mother.

Gem said: "Sorry, my girl. But we don't serve people under twenty-one."

There was a sudden silence, and Tessa's face burned. She walked stiffly away, and Gem followed.

"I don't think I'll fit in here at the ranch," said Tessa, choking back the lump in her throat. "Look, can't I—can't I stay at an hotel in Phoenix?" She could not bring herself to call Gem anything but "Look."

"No," said Gem. That was all—just, "No." Behind the sweet contrast of her voice was a vein of iron.

Tessa was outraged to be awakened at seven-thirty the next morning. She was used to rising at noon. A Chinese boy brought a great loaded tray, and she was surprised that she could eat a real breakfast. She dressed in a beautifully tailored slack suit and went down to the patio.

She didn't see her mother all day. Everybody had gone riding except the ranch hands. She romped with two beautiful sheep dogs for a while. She played with four darling kittens who skittered around the kitchen floor. She talked to the jolly fat Chinese cook, Henry, whose black eyes sparkled with admiration. Then she sat in the patio alone, doing nothing.

Something about the distant mountains compelled her to a dreamy, selfless quietude. She was alarmed by this odd serenity, and thought it must mean the beginning of dull vegetation. In all her life she had never spent so many waking hours completely alone with Tessa.

During the next week she didn't

do anything but sulk or write to Carleton, and her letters to him were airy and frivolous, carefully evading the questions he asked about her mother and the ranch. After a while his own letters dwindled to hasty, work-absorbed notes, and she knew she had lost him.

If only he had asked her to marry him that last evening! How had her technique been wrong?

Gem, meanwhile, was no less troubled. One afternoon, she came to Limpy down at the stables, and he could see from her swollen face that she had been crying. Until Tessa came Gem had never cried.

"I'm licked, Limpy," she said. "Yesterday I put on my best dress and she didn't even notice. So I took off the finery and went back to riding togs. I rode Daredevil just to show her what I can still do. Rodeo stuff, everything. She didn't seem impressed. Limpy, I'm afraid I am licked. It's awful to be licked by your own girl."

The old man grinned. "You ain't been licked by anything yet, and you ain't going to be. Not by any slip of a girl."

"Limpy, you're a wise fellow—you've got to tell me what I can do."

"I can tell you," he said. "But you'll never do it, Gem."

"What's on your mind?" she asked eagerly. "I swear I'll do what you advise."

"Okay, then," said Limpy with reluctance. "Financial screws. Let her earn her own way. Give her a job in the dining-room as a waitress. Same as the others—fifteen a week."

For a moment Gem was silent. She drew a long shaky breath.

"Maybe you are right," she said. "My girl's got to get big—she's got to grow. Instead of me trying to get little to please her."

She strode back to the ranch-house.

Tessa was upstairs lying on her bed reading a magazine. When Gem walked in without knocking Tessa raised her eyebrows. "Please! You startled me!"

"I'm afraid you're going to be more than startled," said Gem. "You see, I'm short of table help, and, naturally, you're elected."

Tessa shot up from the bed. "What do you mean—table help? Do you mean I'm to be a waitress?"

"It will give you something to do," said Gem mildly.

For the first time Tessa dared to speak to her mother as she used to speak to Paul. "I won't do it!" she cried. "I won't do that kind of work!"

"Yes, you will," said Gem. And once more there was the ring of iron behind her soft contralto voice.

Every night when Tessa went to bed aching and humiliated, she raged to herself about this preposterous ordeal. To struggle with orders and trays, and to have wealthy strangers leave her tips, to have everybody on the ranch treat her as if she were a menial!

She wrote tempestuous letters to Paul. His first answer was from Miami. He was married, and happy with Laurel, who was even more charming than he had imagined. He was sincerely indignant about Tessa's ignominious position, and swore he'd write Gem a "scathing masterpiece." But if Gem received such a letter Tessa never knew about it.

Just as she was serving supper one evening Carleton came in. Gem greeted him with a hand-outstretched, and said as usual: "Welcome, stranger! Welcome to my Last Bison Ranch!"

There was no place at the long tables, so Gem sat him down unceremoniously at her own small table. She chatted in her careless, friendly way, and he pretended to smile and respond with interest.

Tessa was now grimly disciplined enough to know that she would have to serve him. She determined to be flippant and casual. She fluffed out her curls, tripped to Carleton's side and asked with mocking courtesy: "Your order, sir?"

He sprang to his feet. "Thorn-in-my-flesh! Hello, hello! Your mother tells me you've been doing this for over a month."

"Yes, she insisted on doing it," said Gem proudly. "She said she wasn't going to sit around doing nothing after I'd worked so hard all these years."

Color rushed into Tessa's face, and suddenly she wished that it had really been that way. She had a

swelling gratitude towards Gem for being generous enough to tell such a fine-sounding lie. Her hand holding pad and pencil trembled, but she kept her smile firm.

"You're not going to wait on me!" Carleton said, crushing her little cap with one broad hand.

"Yes, I am," said Tessa.

"You can sit down," said Gem.

"Take off your apron."

"No, mother," said Tessa. She used the word unconsciously, because for the first time she felt a vague bond between them. Gem looked as if a miracle had happened—her lips parted and her eyes shone.

"Please give me your order, Carleton. I have three other tables to help take care of—I can't sit down now."

"You see how she is?" demanded Gem triumphantly. "Whatever she does she's bound to do well. She may not like it, but she's too proud and stubborn to fall down on a job."

For a petty moment Tessa wondered what Carleton must think of her mother, and what he must think of herself as a menial. Then she had a surge of loyalty that made her feel warm and brave.

It was wonderful to be near Carleton when they met in the patio, and for once she felt humble. She tried to speak in a cold, cool, off-hand manner, but her voice sounded too bubbly.

"How did you happen to come out here, darling?"

"It didn't happen," he said, smiling down at her. "I had three weeks before transfer to General Hospital, and so I naturally came to see how you were getting along. Didn't you think I loved you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I didn't."

"Then that's that." She looked up at the big stars and felt like a half-crushed ant. She said ridiculously: "Have you seen any good plays lately?"

"Wait," said Carleton. He took both her wrists and wheeled her around. "I haven't taken time to go to theatres or nightclubs since you left New York. It was a very good thing for me that you left New York."

"So you came all the way to Arizona to tell me that!"

"Wait!" he said again. "I came to tell you that—but now I've got some more to tell you. I didn't want to let myself love you because you weren't the kind of a girl I dared to marry. Frankly, it was awful. To care for a girl so much and not dare to marry her."

"You must have seen some new plays lately," she said.

"But when I heard to-night from your mother," he said, "how hard you had been working and how you'd stopped drinking and everything—well, I wanted to cheer! Your mother's been making a woman of you. She says you are going to be 'big like the mountains.' And what a woman she is! I've never met a more honestly engaging person."

Tessa threw her arms around him and began to cry violently. "I'm not good! I'm a beast! I'm a monster! But, oh, Carleton, please marry me, anyhow!" No technique. Nothing at all but the beseeching of a young girl in love.

Then he was kissing her. He said: "Come on, let's tell your mother. We can't get married right away, of course. I'll let you stay and help her this year—and then you'll be the wife of a real practising physician."

They celebrated the engagement with champagne at the bar. Gem insisted on all the guests joining them.

"Here's to my girl and my boy!" Gem proposed.

"Here's to my mother," said Tessa and thought: "She really is my mother." Paul seemed far away, and Gem was close. Carefully she arranged some loose strands of Gem's windblown hair.

Gem blew her nose and turned away. "Excuse me a minute, folks. I must tell Limpy something."

She rushed out and rang her gong with terrific clamor. Limpy hobbled up from the bunkhouse. "What in heck is the matter, Gem? Never heard such a confounded racket."

"Go into the bar and get whisky for everybody in the bunkhouse!" And she added in a trembling voice: "Limpy, I'm not licked after all. Just now she fixed my hair. Yes, sir, just like you see any daughter—fixing her mother's hair!"

(Copyright)

Girls wanted for Aircraft Duties



Here is vital war work that will thrill every Australian girl. To learn to service the planes and engines of the R.A.A.F. To release trained men for more R.A.A.F. Squadrons.

Girls wanted urgently in scores of skilled and unskilled categories. Previous experience not necessary.

Enlist today in the **W.A.A.F.**

Apply to R.A.A.F. RECRUITING CENTRE

OR LOCAL R.A.A.F. COMMITTEE

Applicants must not be disappointed if, in the national interest, they are not admitted because of the importance of their present employment.

24/43



Pears SOAP

EVERY BABY'S BATHRIGHT

COMMON PEOPLE

Our £1000 prizewinning serial
By A. E. MARTIN

ON the eve of PEL PEL-HAM'S great novelty exhibition, a 70-day fast by the showman, HENRI SAPIOLIO, RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, is murdered in the flat below Sapiolio's.

Henri and his wife MARIE were giving a party at the time and suspicion falls on practically all the party guests. These included the showman, DAN CAREY, who is managing WANG, a Chinese giant, NICKLEWITZ, a midget, and SALVI, a sword-walker; also ESTELLE, an "armless wonder," and BELLA, a "tattooed lady."

DETECTIVES LINLEY and RORKE are in charge of the case. Rorke has an old grudge against Pel, and tries to pin the murder on to him because he saw his friend, SKIN ROGERS, bookmaker, give him £200. This was actually to finance Sapiolio's exhibition, but Rorke declares that it was to pay Pel to kill Rena, as she was blackmailing Rogers.

Pel, defending himself against Rorke's accusations, is also trying to cover up the traces of Rena's blackmailing, and prevent Rogers from becoming involved in the case. In the meantime he launches Sapiolio's fast in a specially equipped shop, with two old acquaintances, DELPHINE, and RICKETTY, a tramp, as assistants.

Rorke pursues his investigations among the show people, eventually declaring in Salvi's tent at the showground that either Pel committed the murder or Salvi did, after finding another man in Rena's flat.

Now read on:

"It isn't true!"

Salvi shouted. Rorke laughed nastily. "Well," he said, "some other fellow's got the key of her flat and I hear it wasn't little Pelham here. I wouldn't be surprised if it weren't in your pocket right now—unless you've hidden it. The boys are taking a peek round your room now."

Salvi was very white. "I don't know what you mean," he cried. "I haven't any key. Only my own." He thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a miscellaneous collection of coins and a couple of keys.

"I'll take these," Rorke said and held out his own palm. Salvi gave him the keys and he spilled them into the side pocket of his coat. "Before we go," he said, "I'll take a peek round this palace of wonders."

He turned on Pel again. "Didn't I tell you to go?" he asked. "Oh, I'm on my way," Pel said, calmly. "I'd hate to be a nuisance." He put his hand on Carey's arm and squeezed it gently. "Sorry, Dan," he said, "I won't be able to see you this afternoon after all. I'm taking the missus and the kid to a spot of vaudeville. It's the boy's birthday."

"O.K., Pel," Carey said. "Keep in touch."

"Thanks, Dan. See you some time." Pel moved to the tent entrance and lifted the flap. He held the canvas back with one hand and looked at Rorke. Then, with great gravity, he raised his hat. The next moment he had gone.

Rorke was mad. "Some day," he said, "I'll choke that bird." He turned on Carey. "Nice sort of company you keep."

"I like it," Carey said, simply. "Maybe one of 'em will invite you to their hanging," Rorke said. "Because one or other of 'em did it. Probably this bird," he nodded at Salvi.

"Unless, of course, it was your precious giant."

Carey smiled amiably. "What about Mr. Micklewitz, the midget?"



"He's trying to fool you, Salvi," sobbed Bella, flinging herself into the sword-walker's arms.

Rorke smiled, but it wasn't pleasant. "Or the armless wonder," he laughed coarsely. "That's it," he said, facetiously; "she crept down the stairs in her stocking feet and strangled the dame with her bare toes."

A tinge of pink spread slowly over Carey's face. His fists clenched. He walked up to the plainclothes man. "Look here, Rorke," he said. "Remember this. A man can stand for so much and no more. Get me." He abruptly left the tent.

Rorke raised his eyebrows. "Why, whatever have I said?" He looked at Salvi shrewdly. "Kinda touched him on the raw?" He laughed. "After what I learned at Maroni's circus I thought the armless piece belonged to someone else. Can you beat it?"

He began to look round the tent, prying into corners, examining the handles of the sabres. There were not many places there where a key might be hidden. At last he turned irritably to Salvi. "Come on," he said, "get your hat."

"I don't wear one."

"You wouldn't," Rorke said, as if that were the last straw.

After leaving the showgrounds Pel took a tram to the city and spent a profitable two hours spunking in front of the "tomb." It was a quiet performance. He would have told you it had "class." He used several words that he was sure his listeners didn't understand, because he didn't understand them himself.

There was plenty of time for hysterical baragut when the stunt-

ing began. No man knew better than he the value of contrasts. He expected business to be quiet for a while, but it was astonishing how the sixpences mounted. There were never many people in the shop at the one time, but the twenty-four hours' takings grew to a very respectable figure. And, of course, there were the postcard sales, which were profitable.

Pel was well satisfied. He glanced at the takings till noon and things looked good enough. He'd take home a bottle of beer with the tickets for the vaudeville show.

He accompanied his wife and child to the theatre. He gave up the three tickets and went inside. The show was not due to start for some fifteen minutes. In five minutes he got up and went to the door and, collecting a pass-out check, strolled into the crowded vestibule.

Here he met his wife's sister and she passed in after he had told her the number of the row in which his wife was sitting. He hurried to the corner of the block, and, taking a taxi, gave the driver the address of his home.

A block away from his front door he dismissed the car and walked briskly. He went through his house to the back door, and, taking out the kitchen key, locked the door from the outside and put the key under the mat. He disturbed the mat deliberately, leaving it slightly askew as if it had been lifted and put down in a hurry. He walked round the side of the house and again let himself in with his latch-key.

Shutting the front door he went into the bedroom and was busy a few moments. Then he went into the hall and opened the door of a tall closet from which various overcoats were hanging from hooks in the ceiling. Next he found a book, and, sitting on a chair near the closet door, began to read.

It was less than half an hour later when he heard the sound for which he had been waiting.

Very quietly he slipped the book into his pocket, stepped inside the closet and pulled the door almost to. He waited, listening. Someone rang the front door bell. He made

no move. The ring was repeated. A few minutes later he heard light footsteps in the laneway at the side of the house; then a tapping on the back door.

Someone tried the door and, a moment later, he heard the sound of a key being inserted in the lock. He drew further into his hiding place. The kitchen door opened and very softly closed again. Stealthy footsteps moved through the kitchen and into the hall and ceased. Pel sensed that the intruder was listening.

At length the steps passed the door of the closet and moved into his bedroom.

He waited patiently. Now and again he heard slight, stealthy movements as of some small objects being moved and replaced. Drawers

opened softly and closed again. No more than five minutes had elapsed before his visitor uttered a little exclamation. A drawer closed, footsteps hurried past him, the kitchen door opened and closed and a key turned in the lock. He heard a tinkle as it was placed under the mat.

Pel emerged from his hiding place and went swiftly to the bedroom. He knelt down so that he could peer beneath the drawn blind and watch the front gate. He heard steps coming up the laneway and soon a figure came into view. Pel whistled under his breath. He got up and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Well," he told himself. "Ain't I just one heck of a detective?"

Please turn to page 14

WHEN HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
REMEMBER

Crusader Cloth

MEANWHILE:

Buy £10 War Bonds

and War Savings Certificates



3-WAY
RELIEF
FOR
INDIGESTION

1. Bisurated Magnesia neutralises excess acids.
2. Bisurated Magnesia protects the tender stomach lining.
3. Bisurated Magnesia restores a normal digestive state.

BISURATED
MAGNESIA
(Trade Mark
"Bismag")

Sold at all chemists and stores.

PINT-SIZE ORDERLY

THE wounded man turned on his cot and moaned. Sprawled on the floor of the cave, big Sergeant Harris grunted, "All right! All right! Nurse'll be back shortly an' 'old your 'and! You be a good boy, or we won't 'ave you to stay with us another time. Flies on him, Lumsden?"

"No, sergeant."
"Squib's a long while gone."
"That shillin' last night, I dare say. There'll be work for 'im."
"Keeps at it, that Pint-size does. Anyone'd think 'e got paid!"
"Maybe 'e'll pinch a bit o' something again," said Lumsden hopefully.

Their cave ran deep into the rock. To them the day was only a circle of hot light ten yards away. Every two minutes the figure of the German guard passed across that circle, his rifle under his arm. Once they saw him dash the sweat from his forehead, and Sergeant Harris grinned.

"Ope the blighter fries!" he said. There was some excuse for Harris. He had been at the taking of El Maghid, and he had served with distinction all through its stubborn defence. If he hadn't waited to make sure that everything useful was blown up before the British evacuated that much-contested stronghold, he need never have been captured at all.

As it was, he and the rest of the twenty-odd were held prisoners in the place they had helped seize and helped hold. They had been there three months, and the way the war in North Africa swayed first one way and then the other, they might be there a great while longer.

The position at El Maghid was something under two miles long and about a mile wide. Its core was a low rocky hill honeycombed with caves, which gave shelter to those who kept a precarious hold upon them.

There were four hundred Germans and Italians, and a score of British prisoners. East, south and west, the lines of the besieging British and Australians held El Maghid in an unrelenting grip. The prayer of Sergeant Harris and his comrades was that the caves might soon change hands once again. Meanwhile they could only wait and endure.

They were given just enough food to keep them from starvation, but their eyes were still as hard and angry as on the first day of their captivity. The trouble was that a chap couldn't sleep all the time. When they were awake the time merely crept.

It was a little different for Edward Mathers, otherwise known as "Squib" or "Pint-size." He had been an orderly in the Medical Corps. When he was captured he was tending the wounded and, having no doctor of their own, the Germans put him to work. His most important patient was a Colonel Ritter, in command of the present garrison of El Maghid until a shell dropped too close to him. Ritter hadn't regained consciousness since then.

He moaned again now, and Sergeant Harris made an exasperated gesture. "What've they got to keep 'im in 'ere with us for? Crvin' out most of the night an' breakin' a 'chap's sleep an' all!"

"Mathers says it's because 'e's needin' someone with 'im night an' day, an' Mathers is the only one to do it. They reckon 'e's as safe 'ere as anywhere else, an' quieter than most places."

Just then Mathers came in, a short, slight, peering man in ragged uniform. He had steel-rimmed spectacles, and he blinked, coming from blinding light into semi-darkness.



"Hello!" he said, and gestured towards the cot. "Has he been quiet?"

"Quiet enough. Where 'ave you been?"

"A lot of casualties from last night. Here's some chocolate for you chaps, and I told them I had to have more water for my patient, so you can share this canteen. It's the best I could do to-day."

Sergeant Harris divided the chocolate with strict impartiality and passed it around. "Well, did you 'ear anything?"

"Only a few words in passing. Our fellows are edging in, I gather, and the garrison isn't too happy about it. If only they knew how weak the Germans and Italians are they'd probably make an assault and take the place. But to get word to them—"

"You can't get through those lines!" Harris said flatly. "I'd be the first to try if there was 'alf a chance."

"I don't mean that. But there must be other ways of getting word to them, some sign they couldn't mistake."

The man on the cot stirred and muttered, and Mathers went over to him at once. He dipped a cloth in a cup of water, wrung it out and tucked it deftly around the German's forehead.

The muttering went on, and Sergeant Harris asked: "What's 'e sayin'?"

"Forward, Prussia, always forward!" The rest's just nonsense, incoherent."

"It beats me," a man named Comrie said testily. "ow you come to know their lingo?"

"I studied it at night school before the war," the little man told him mildly.

"But what for? Ain't English good enough for you?"

"Well, I was teaching then, and if I knew German I could get a better job."

"Well, do the 'Uns know you can understand 'em?"

"Oh, no! That's why I can sometimes pick up bits of news."

Comrie shook his head. Rummy chap, this Mathers. Acted like an old maid and talked like a blooming professor. And yet Mathers stood the galling captivity better than the rest of them. You'd think he'd have been the first to break and go to pieces, but he wasn't. Comrie didn't understand it.

The hot afternoon passed very slowly. Outside the mouth of the cave their guard walked back and forth, and Sergeant Harris marked his passing with lacklustre eyes. He was hungry, but it didn't do to think about it. They were all hungry, all the time. Instead, he thought about the parts of El Maghid outside their cave, and the chances of the British retaking them.

"Delirious, and he's been talking," said Mathers, leading the guard over to the wounded man.

"That's what I had to think about so long," Mathers admitted. "But I believe I've got it now."

Harris stared at him. "You'd better tell me first," he said. "It's no good gettin' the others' 'opes up unless there's somethin' to it. Out with it!"

There was always a didactic note in Mathers' voice, and it was marked now. "You heard my patient talking in delirium to-day? He often does that, and none of us is supposed to know German. Wouldn't it be natural to call in the guard to listen to what he says? Colonel Ritter's the highest ranking officer they've got here, and they'd probably think it was important. So we call in the guard, and then—"

"What's this got to do with the ammunition dump?"

"It's the first step, and a risky one. We overpower the guard and take his uniform and equipment. We wait until dark before we begin."

All this, you see. The place is always blacked out at night, and one of us could easily pass for a German soldier. I've noticed that they carry grenades in their belts. The trick would be to slip down in disguise and pitch a grenade into the ammunition dump."

"The whole thing goes sky-high, our chaps out yonder see that something's up and make their attack. El Maghid will be taken, and we shan't be prisoners any longer."

Harris grunted. "I'd risk takin' the guard and I'd take my chances for afterwards. But before you go pitchin' a grenade into the ammu-

nition dump you've got to know where the dump is. 'Adn't thought of that, 'ad you?"

"Oh, yes. I know where it is."

The sergeant gaped. "You do? But 'ow?"

"I nearly got shot finding out about it. I was looking for medical stores and I blundered into this place quite by chance. There were a couple of Italians on guard. They got very excited and began waving their rifles about and shouting. But then a German sergeant came along and told them to—well, to be quiet. He knew me, you see. So that's how I found out."

"The place is quite near the lines; you can't miss it. It's the last cave at the foot of the hill due south-east of here, and the only one with barbed wire strung across its mouth. It's a fairly shallow cave, too; if all the ammunition blows up it will take the roof with it. I'm quite certain."

The burly sergeant was still staring at him. "You see life!" he ejaculated. "It ain't a bad scheme at all. Wants a bit o' doin', o' course, an' a bit of thinkin' too. Mathers, you let me mull it over before we try it on the others, will you?"

"Certainly. If you think it impractical I shan't be offended. I'll just go along and have a look at my patient now."

Harris scarcely noticed that he had gone. He was struggling with imaginative thinking, an occupation as difficult for him as it was unusual. He weighed their chances and wondered. He could think of a variety of disasters that might befall them, but the very audacity

By WILLIAM A. BREYFOGLE

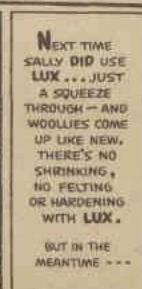
He was lost in his reverie, and he didn't notice Mathers until the little man sat down beside him.

"I say, sergeant," he began diffidently. "You know what we were talking about—about getting some sort of word to our fellows? I believe I've thought of a way."

"You 'ave? What is it?"

"To blow up the ammunition dump."

It was lucky that the short-tempered Comrie was asleep. Even the sergeant, usually a patient man, was exasperated. "Just 'ow are we to blow up their ammunition dump? Tell me that!"



He was a mild, retiring little man, but he staggered his fellow captives when their lives were at stake.

of Mathers' scheme was its best recommendation.

Suddenly he scrambled to his feet with his mind made up. They might as well have a go at it to-night, and he had to tell the others. By the time he had finished the blinding light at the cave's mouth was tinged with duller, cooler grey. They wouldn't have long to wait now. But it seemed long. Just before the brief twilight set in they were given their evening meal, a tasteless, watery sort of porridge.

They ate it with the simple greed of men who have been hungry for months, and licked the bowls clean afterward.

"Maybe it's the last o' that slop!" said a man called Smithson. "Maybe we'll get bully beef to-morrow. Yea, an' beer!"

Mathers was busy with the wounded German officer, absorbed in what he was doing. He had taken his patient's pulse and temperature, and he got Harris to help him change the sheets on the cot.

Then he turned reluctantly away. "I suppose we'd better get started, hadn't we?" he said, in the tone of a man addressing himself to a necessary but distasteful task. "He's talking now, and he'll go on. Shall I call the guard in?"

"Wait an' I'll warn the others. Then you can call him," muttered Harris.

It didn't take long to finish his rounds, and his terse, whispered instructions to the others. "Got it straight. When 'e comes in, you're all to be lyn' about just like you always do. But when you move, move fast!" Mathers!

"Yea, sergeant?"

"You can 'ave 'im in now. We're all ready for 'im."

After that it was mostly action, with no time to think. Ritter was tossing and muttering as Mathers started, precise and unhurried, towards the mouth of the cave. Harris saw that he had left his medical kit standing open, which wasn't like him. Mathers had been allowed a flashlight because he had to attend to his patient at night, and he switched it on before he went to call the guard. The men strained their ears, then sank back as they heard footsteps approaching.

The beam of the flashlight went before them, and as they came up to the cot Mathers was saying, "Delirious, and he's been talking. There? You hear him?"

The guard bent down. "Yea, please, my colonel?" he said.

Half-crouched already, Harris held his breath. But the guard was intent on Colonel Ritter's incoherent words, and Harris got to his feet. Beside him he felt rather than heard the others stirring.

He took a cautious step forward, judging the distance, then another. Then he sprang.

Smithson and Comrie were at his heels. Harris flung an arm about the guard and clapped his open hand over his mouth. Comrie got a fierce grip on the man's throat. But the German was big, and he fought like a demon. Harris hadn't known until then how weak the captivity and the semi-starvation had left him.

He had a sickening feeling that they might fail at the very start, that the guard might break free and raise the alarm. But then Mathers intervened, and the sergeant saw why he had left the medical kit open.

He had soaked a cotton pad in chloroform, and he pressed it against the German's dilated nostrils. It was done quickly and efficiently, as Mathers did everything.

The fight went out of the guard, and Mathers said: "Bind his hands and feet and gag him. We'll put him in the back of the cave. I hope I didn't give him too heavy a dose."

"Drown him!" giggled Comrie. "Let 'im fair swim in it! ... What's next, mates?"

"Next is," said Harris, "I change into 'is duds. Look smart now. We've no time to waste. ... Mathers, watch them grenades when you go to unfasten 'is belt. ... Well, what is it?"

"Nothing, only I thought I should put on his uniform. After all, it was my idea, wasn't it?"

"Do you know 'ow to throw a grenade?"

"No, but you could show me."

The sergeant turned. "Smithson! Got the clothes off 'im?"

Harris took them. "Now then, Mathers! You 'old them up, just for the fit. Well."

"They're miles too big," Mathers had to admit. "Still, since I thought of it—"

"If you thought of it, that's credit enough, ain't it?" He was stripping off his own garments and putting on the German uniform.

Mathers said, "Look here, sergeant—"

"It's no good, Mathers. The only cave with barbed wire about the mouth of it, you said? Wish me luck, chums! 'Ere I go!"

He had picked up the German's rifle, and taken his first step towards the mouth of the cave when the shell struck just outside. The whole place shook with the explosion. The sergeant whistled.

"Might 'a' stepped fair into that! That guard we tied up—'e ought to say 'is thanks to us now! 'E'd 'a' been killed but for us!"

Mathers said, "Quick, sergeant! They're bound to send a patrol along to see what became of their guard after that. If they find you—"

"Never thought o' that! You 'ave got a head on you, Where'll I—"

"Get outside quickly and hide till the alarm's over."

Harris hurried out.

Comrie said, "But suppose they go muckin' about an' find the guard there in the back of the cave?"

"I don't think they will. They'll assume that shell blew him to atoms. They'll post another guard and be off. The reek of that cordite has even done away with the smell of chloroform in here."

"Ush!" said Comrie. "Ere they come!"

But, as Mathers had foretold, the patrol stayed only long enough to post another guard, having found nothing in the cave to awaken their suspicions. Still, Edward Mathers was profoundly uneasy—bitter at not being allowed to execute the plan that he had devised, and worried about Harris.

There was still sporadic shellfire outside, and Lumsden said, "He can pick his way by them flashes. Tain't likely anyone'll challenge him in that racket. Must be 'alfway by now."

Suddenly Mathers made them all jump. "Blast!" he exclaimed, in a voice like a groan. "I forgot

The sergeant was as sharply aware of their peril as anyone. He didn't mean to give up the scheme. At the worst he could watch his chance, shoot the two guards and try to run into the ammunition dump with the grenades before he got shot himself. It was a clumsy device, but the best he could think of.

He considered it with no enthusiasm and very little hope that it would succeed. But here was Mathers plucking at his sleeve again.

"What is it now?" Harris growled.

"You crawl down and take cover as close to the dump as you can get. I'm going to pretend to make the same mistake I made before, and blunder into the ammunition dump looking for medical stores. When the guards see me I'll pretend to be frightened and run, and they're bound to run out after me, at least a little way. I'll keep them there as long as I can, explaining who I am and how it happened, and you try to slip into the cave."

"You'll have to be quick! You can shoot them from inside the cave when they go back to their posts, and the shots won't be heard outside at all clearly. Then throw your grenades and run!"

"But what about you? When they see you running they'll fire!"

In a grating whisper Mathers told him that this was not a garden party. "Will you do as I say, or have you got a better way?"

The sergeant hadn't. He was startled into agreement as much by the sharpness of Mathers' question as by its logic.

There was nothing more to discuss. The sergeant crept down as close as he dared to the mouth of the ammunition dump. Shellfire from the British lines rose and fell and rose again. Craning a little, Harris could see Mathers now. The big sergeant was trembling.

It all happened very quickly. The guards barked a gruff challenge. Mathers jumped at the sound and turned to run as if in panic. Both guards ran out after him, waiting, in that dubious light, for a chance to shoot. Harris couldn't stop to

see what happened. He slid down a rocky shoulder and raced into the cave. There was not a moment to waste, and he altered Mathers' plan a little.

He threw his grenades and ran out at once without waiting for the guards to come back and be shot.

The guards were on their way back. Harris fired and dropped into a shell-hole before the fire could be returned. He slid to the bottom, flattened himself there and waited. Then suddenly the solid earth quivered with the uproar of the blast, and an intolerable stabbing burst of light filled the sky.

Harris lay with his fingers clutching the torn earth, deafened and stunned. When he crept up to the lips of his shell-hole he saw the quick flashes of their own guns, as if the explosion had started the British lines awake. There was wild shouting everywhere and the agonised crying of the wounded.

He saw troops running in hopeless disorder and guessed that the Italians had broken ranks. In all that turmoil it wasn't hard to make his way back to the cave.

The guard was gone. Harris lumbered inside and dropped, panting. "The fun's started!" he said. "That's tanks out beyond, eh?"

The men had crowded up to the mouth of the cave and were staring. The attack broke along the whole line at once. The tanks roared up with their guns blazing, and the defenders of El Maghid made only a brief stand. There was a play of searchlights now and they saw German and Italian troops with their hands in the air. Comrie supposed, aloud, that they might as well get ready to go.

Harris sat up then. "Ere! Where's Mathers?"

"I'm here, sergeant," said that weary and dusty little man. "I got back to the cave just before you did. I've been getting Colonel Ritter ready to be moved. It's a great thing for him! Once we get him the proper attention he should come along nicely."

(Copyright)



"Very practical girl, Emma—her eggs have zippers."

about the guards at the ammunition dump! They'll speak to the sergeant, and he won't be able to answer them. Quick! Give me that medical kit!"

"But what is this? You can't go out there. They'll shoot you!"

"I can tell them I need bandages. They all know me. Maybe I can find Harris. If he'd let me go in the first place—"

The little man's voice had a quality of anguish in it. He didn't feel heroic in the least. He felt nothing but the desperate need to hurry, to catch up with Harris before it should be too late. At the worst he could change into the German uniform himself and try to get past the guards. But the first thing was to find the sergeant.

It wasn't so hard as, at first thought, it might have seemed. He knew roughly the route that Harris must take, and he followed that, skirting shell-holes when he could see them, stumbling into them when he could not. No one paid any attention to him; night or day the little orderly was a familiar figure, and too insignificant to raise any thought of danger.

"Mathers," said a voice at his feet.

Mathers dropped beside him. "Are you hit?"

"No, but it got too tight with the shellin', an' too many 'Uhs' about. Tain't my own skin I'm worried about, but if we make one slip the whole scheme goes up. The worst is that they've got guards out in front of the ammunition dump."

"Ow am I to get past them?"

"Give me the German uniform. If they speak to me I can answer."

"But you can't set a grenade right, an' I can't teach you in a shell-hole!"

Mathers said in a fierce whisper. "You've got to let me try! I told you I nearly walked into the ammunition dump once before in this outfit I'm wearing, and—"

"Yea, an' the guards wanted to shoot you!"

"But if I had the German uniform—"

"If you 'ad six uniforms you still couldn't plant a grenade!"



Watch out,
Sonny!
GERMS are
on that job
as well..

"Hope I don't pick up another nail" thinks Sam, as he mends the puncture. Let's hope so, too, and—what's more important—that he'll soon get rid of the germs he's picked up himself! Where there's dirt, germs are never far away and they can cause real trouble. But Guardian, good reliable Guardian Health Soap, with its medicated lather, soon washes away any germs with the dirt. Use Guardian yourself and see that the children wash with it, too—it's such a simple health precaution.

Guard against
germs with



© U.S. 47.26



CUTEX MANICURE

Cutex Nail Polish is now obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Supplies for civilian use are, however, restricted, so use your Cutex sparingly. A good plan is to reserve it for special occasions only.



CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL

For Children's Hacking Coughs at Night
WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

I'VE GOT A DATE FOR LIFE!



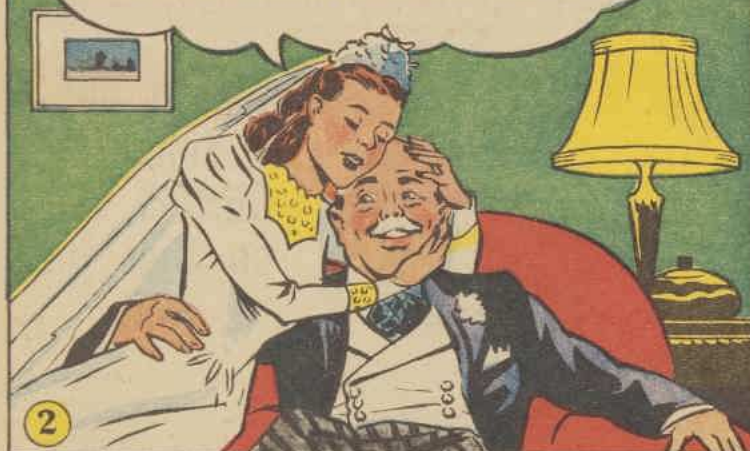
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT YET, DAD! JUST THINK! WHY I MIGHT HAVE LOST JACK FOR EVER—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU!

SO YOU REALLY BELIEVE MY ADVICE HELPED, DEAR?



1

I KNOW IT DID! I'M SURE JACK AND I WOULDN'T BE MARRIED TODAY—IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME I NEEDED TO SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT MY TEETH!



2

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID:—

YOU CAN CERTAINLY IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE BY NIGHT AND MORNING BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE IT REALLY CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH!



3

"HERE'S WHY: Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between the teeth — helps clean out decaying food particles — removes the cause of much bad breath . . . And Colgate Dental Cream has a safe polishing agent that cleans the enamel thoroughly, yet gently, and makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling. It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth."

—AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—

TIME TO GET INTO YOUR TRAVELLING CLOTHES, DEAR . . . JACK'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR YOU . . .

YES—HERE HE IS! MY DATE FOR LIFE!



4

PLAY SAFE!
TWICE A DAY — AND
BEFORE EVERY DATE — USE
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

6 1/4" MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1 1/4" SIZE
GIANT 2 1/2" SIZE
twice as much
as 1 1/4" size



It cleans your Breath—
while it cleans your Teeth!

3/753

SAVE YOUR OLD DENTAL CREAM TUBES FOR WAR SALVAGE!

W.A.A.A.F. technicians at fine exhibition



A.C.W. LAURIE TAYLOR shows gun to Corporal Peggy McDonald, wireless operator, at W.A.A.A.F. Exhibition.



TRACING. A.C.W. Lydia Tierney engaged in tracing work at exhibition while schoolboys, Alan Mead (left) and Lyn Russell, watch.

Crowds see Air Force girls demonstrate jobs

By BETTY NESBIT

The first Waaafs in Australia to complete their preliminary training as technicians were on duty at the exhibition of W.A.A.A.F. work which has just concluded in Sydney.

This exhibition showed members of the W.A.A.A.F. working just as they would on Air Force stations.

THE newly acquired knowledge of the trainees enabled them to explain the machines and instruments to the hundreds of visitors who daily crowded the exhibition.

Some of the girls will train as electricians, some as instrument repairers.

Others have already begun training as riggers, armorers, and flight mechanics in another State.

They are the pioneers in the newest section of the W.A.A.A.F. Although the English W.A.A.F. have long been members of the ground crews, the W.A.A.A.F. has only recently followed suit.

Eventually they will be the first Waaafs to fly.

After an aircraft has been repaired it is taken on a test flight. Ground crew staff go on this test flight, and as the Waaafs will be ground crew, that will be part of their normal duty.

There are vacancies for 300 more technical trainees.

Six Waaafs at the exhibition demonstrated their training at a work bench.

Clad in blue jeans, they busily filed and polished. On the bench was a collection of tools made by them during their basic fitters' course.

These girls, who trained in South Australia, have been in the Service for more than a year. They volun-

CORPORAL PEARL MEDWAY, technical trainee, with a machine-gun. Waaafs will service guns like this on completion of training as armorers.



HOW TO FOLD A PARACHUTE. Fabric workers demonstrate at W.A.A.A.F. Exhibition. (From left) A.C.W. Petterson, D. Monahan, and Corporal E. Coulton.



DEMONSTRATING WORK of operations room. (From left) A.C.W. D. Walker, R. Finn, and P. Wright, who are plotting positions of aircraft from information received from voluntary air observers.

Release men for front line

"APPROXIMATELY 98 per cent. of the Waaafs enrolled as at April 24 enlisted and took the oath for duration service," said the Director, Group-Officer Clare Stevenson.

Their duty is to release able-bodied men to go into combat. The weapons of the W.A.A.A.F. are cars, trucks, telephones, radios, typewriters, theodolites, cameras, machines, books.

They give, too, their thoughts, their energies, and their unquestioning loyalties.

Their aim is victory, and they take an oath "To resist his Majesty's enemies and to cause his Majesty's peace to be kept and maintained."

"Thousands more recruits are needed for our service," said Group-Officer Stevenson. "There are now many new musters to choose from, such as photographers, cinema-operators, shot repairers, and technical trainees. The R.A.A.F. is using women in 50 different trade groups."

teered as technical trainees and, after an aptitude test, were sent to a school.

"Before the war we all did jobs remote from mechanical work, but we like this better," said one, A.C.W. Joy Sergeant, who was a typist.

One worked in the classified advertisement section of a newspaper, another was assistant in a small country store, another a telephone operator, and another a dressmaker.

Corporal Pearl Medway was in charge of the armorers' exhibit. She explained that all the guns on display were the types which will be serviced by the Waaafs when they have completed their armorers' course.

"They will also service bomb-carriers and bomb sights, and all equipment for aircraft," she said.

Typed father's stories

BEFORE the war Corporal Medway worked with her father, A. E. Medway, a short story writer. "I used to type father's stories," she said "and check them."

Another exhibit showed the types of electrical equipment which Waaafs are learning to handle. It included generators, magnetos, aircraft engine-starters, all component parts.

A.C.W. Jeanne Brown told spectators the sort of work that the flight-mechanics would do. Her section showed air-screws.

"Waaafs will know how to take air-screws to pieces and how to repair damaged ones," she said, pointing out one from a Spitfire which had been completely bent while in the air, and another with a piece taken out of the blade by a piece of shrapnel.

"The girls will have to repair blades damaged in action," she said.

One of the few girls engaged in tracing work in the W.A.A.A.F. A.C.W. Lydia Tierney was perched on a stool at a high desk, where she worked steadily preparing drawings in spite of the men, women, and schoolboys who crowded at her elbow.

During the opening ceremony by the honorary air commandant of the W.A.A.A.F., Lady Gowrie, an urgent job was sent to A.C.W. Tierney from headquarters.

"Tracings are needed for an in-

strument used in removing bearings," she said. "As there are only a few of us who do this work, I had to do it here."

"I had to keep on through all the speeches," she said with a smile, "but the job was done."

This attractive, fair-haired country girl is an example of how Service life can help a girl to further her career.

All her life she wanted to be an engineer.

"In spite of my ambition, I became an accountant, but as soon as the Service was formed I joined up. I was an equipment assistant. Recently I was sent to headquarters to the map and chart section."

"One day a mechanical drawing was needed in a hurry, and there was no one to do it. An R.A.A.F. officer asked me if I could, and I said I would try. I did, and it turned out successfully. I then became a tracer."

"I am doing a course in drafting at a civilian technical school, and when the war is finished I will be able to take up engineering. Being a qualified draughtswoman will be a great help to that work."

Most interested of all the spectators were the mothers of Waaafs. One, Mrs. I. Ashworth, whose daughter Edna is a corporal in the fabric work section, said:

"Edna has always tried to explain just what she did, but I never quite understood it. It has been most interesting for me to see her folding parachutes."

Other Waaafs explained work done in the operations room.

A corner of the exhibit was fitted up to represent such a room. On the wall were the colored light signals which indicate air-raid alerts, raids, and all-clear signals.

"For security reasons we cannot, of course, show the actual work done in an operations room," said A.S.O. Shirley Lewis.

The work done by Waaafs in the meteorology section on Air Force stations was also demonstrated. A colorful piece of equipment which attracted much attention was the large, bright blue balloon filled with hydrogen. These balloons are released to gauge wind currents.

Hundreds of spectators submitted to an aptitude test which is given to recruits. They write answers to simple questions in a certain time.

Editorial

JUNE 12, 1943

OUR TENTH BIRTHDAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY reaches its tenth birthday this week.

The decade of the paper's life has been one of increasing power and importance for women. The Australian Women's Weekly has succeeded because it reflected and encouraged this development.

No woman's paper in Australia, and few in the world, are backed by a world-wide organisation like that built up especially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

We have our own staff in London and New York, and our own correspondents all over the world.

That is how we have been able to give women a real newspaper, covering their widest interests, rather than a journal of solely domestic interest. That is why we have so many men readers.

Since the outbreak of war this has become a war newspaper.

Though shortage of newsprint has reduced the size of the paper and resulted in the disappearance of many popular features, there has always been space to record the valor of our fighting men and the fine spirit of our servicewomen.

For these women in uniform The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen was established this year. It is one of our greatest successes.

After the war popular features will be restored to the paper and new ones added. We will be able to have real celebrations on our birthdays.

But on this tenth birthday we can only thank our readers for their continued enthusiastic support and share with them their hopes for a speedy victory.

—THE EDITOR.

Marooned airmen ate crabs, turtle eggs

Turtles' eggs, crabs and a rainbow fish supplemented emergency rations for the crew of a plane which came down in the sea near a tropical island.

Flight-Sergt. John Beckenham describes the mishap and their rescue next day, in a letter to his mother in Manly, N.S.W.

"WE were about 50 miles out when we developed engine trouble and had to sit her down in the sea," he writes. "Fortunately, this happened within six miles of an island, and we taxied towards this.

"An oil line had broken and we were running without lubricant, but she didn't actually cut until we were near the beach, where we anchored, and I stripped and waded ashore with our emergency stores.

"Everything was in our favor. We had two Army coves with us, and one was a doctor. The tide was full, and we easily cleared the reef around the island.

"We had sufficient provisions for a day or so, and there didn't seem to be anything ferocious around the place at all, barring a few sharks, of course. Unfortunately, though, our radio wasn't working and we couldn't get out any message for help.

"The obvious thing to do was to search the island for water, food, and inhabitants. So the two Army chaps and I got out individually.

"On finding turtle tracks we prodded around in the sand until we struck some eggs, then dug them up and put them aside for later.

"Continuing around the island, I came to a mangrove swamp and I had to climb over the branches of these trees, which grew in vile-smelling murky water, most unpleasant.

"A dull plop when something slipped off a nearby tree into the water didn't improve the position any, and my pistol came right out of its holster then and there. Being caught in a swamp by a croc or a tree snake didn't appeal to me at all.

"I caught some crabs and these were added to our food supply. At the expense of some skin and to the enjoyment of some red ants we slashed our way through to get a couple of green papaws for cooking.

"We returned, and had a meagre lunch of nuts and figs from our emergency rations and, to our great joy, the radio bloke managed to get part of a message to our base, which meant our spending only one day or so on the island. The set then folded up completely.

"During the afternoon I spent a lot of time lying in a little pool in the reef, in my birthday suit, of course, and managed to snab a rainbow fish with my knife. This proved a tasty drop for tea. One of the Army officers caught a shark and a fish.

"An aircraft flew over just before dark and dropped us some tins of emergency rations.

"We had built a fire to cook the tea, and kept that going.

"Our message advising our position had been sent out in plain language, though, and the Japs also knew we were on the island.

"We weren't overjoyed about that, and decided to sleep on the beach near the 'old girl' to keep an eye on her during the night.

"We were very cold, and scarcely slept at all, being glad when daylight came.

"When another aircraft flew over and commenced signalling to us at 7 a.m., I had no alternative but to swim the 75 yards separating the



FIGHTER SQUADRON BASEBALL TEAM which played another R.A.A.F. unit in New Guinea. Back row, L. to R.: L.A.C.'s Dan Smith, Norm Englebert, Frank Brennan, Reg. Pedler. Front row: L.A.C.'s Chris Clarke, Cec Green, Frank Simpson, Don Angus, Capt. Gordon Kitching (A.I.F.), and Cpt. Jack Hunter.



HOCKEY TEAM of the 3/3 C.C.S., attached to the 9th Division, which toured Palestine after the Battle of El Alamein. Back row, L. to R.: Major Clarke, Cpl. Stevens, Rawson Hill, Cpl. Conley, Cpl. Kinniburgh, Pte. Whitehead (Capt.), Pte. T. R. Smith. Front row: Sgt. L. Burnett, Pte. Reilly, Sgt. Black, Pte. Ahearn, Pte. Lowden.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2s. For letter extracts 5s. is paid.

beach from our kite, to where our signalling unit was. I can assure you I only took three breaths all the way. So fast was I moving on the way back to the beach later that I slid ten yards up the sand before stopping.

"A rescue launch arrived an hour later and we loaded our guns and gear aboard it, using a rubber dinghy as a ferry, took our girl in tow, and set out for home, 50 miles away.

"The coves on the rescue launch did a super job, for the weather and seas were very bad, and the trip was a most miserable, wet one.

"On the seven and a half hours voyage we saw a sea snake, a great twelve feet yellow serpent, which abounds in our waters. They can be seen frequently floating on the surface of the sea."

Cpl. F. L. Francis to Mrs. V. Elder, 25 Hossack Ave., Coburg, Vic.:

"OUR little concert party—singers, dancers, comedians, instrumentalists, nigger minstrels, and a nice little four-piece orchestra—has two shows to its credit.

"We had ballet dresses designed by a tailor and made of mosaic nets dyed with red, blue, purple, and green tinea powder. It's amazing what one can do when necessary.

"We had Carmen Miranda done out from top to toe, even to the big colorful head-dress, made from the C.O.'s feather duster and dyed with tinea powder."

Cpl. W. Cummings in New Guinea to his wife at 33 Acland St., St. Kilda, Vic.:

"WE caught a Jap the other day. He was in a very bad way.

"He had been living on the inside of a soft tree for nine days, and he was very badly wounded.

"The Japanese had all cleared out of this particular area and left all their wounded behind.

"Needless to say, this Jap was very hostile towards his comrades, and to show just how much he appreciated being looked after by our boys he stood up and sang 'God Save the King.'"

Interesting People



A.V.M. S. J. GOBLE
... R.A.A.F. liaison.

LIAISON officer for R.A.A.F. in Canada, Air Vice-Marshal S. J. Goble, of Melbourne, is on brief visit to Australia to discuss with Air Board questions concerning air training scheme. Says, "Output from Canadian air schools has been remarkable. Australians have done well, large percentage of them passing out with high honors."



A.C.W. MARIE THORN
... million photographs.

ATTACHED to Allied Air Force photographic section in northern State, Aircraftwoman Marie J. Thorn, of Sydney has job of handling films as they arrive from battle zones to be developed. Was only woman to see pictures of Bismarck Sea battle while it was in progress. Has charge of million photographs.



MR. R. W. E. WILMOT
... hospital birthday league.

WELL-KNOWN Melbourne sportsman and journalist, Mr. R. W. E. Wilmot has been enthusiastic chairman of Royal Melbourne Hospital Birthday League since its inception, 21 years ago. By personal efforts has contributed considerably towards £40,000 raised by league. Is also secretary of Royal Humane Society and Athenaeum Library.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

SATURDAY, June 12, looks like being unusually fortunate for many people, particularly Geminians, Librans, and Leonians, with Aquarians next.

These people should make special efforts to secure favors and promotions then.

Sagittarians, however, are liable to losses, discord, and partings or upsets, and Virgoan and Pisceans may find difficulties besetting them to the point of distress and frustration.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 8 (especially after 5 p.m.) can be unexpectedly fortunate and pleasing. June 9 just fair. Balance of week poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Routine best this week. This is particularly so on June 9 and 15. June 8 tricky.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Work hard; progress, gains, happiness attainable now. June 8 (to near midnight) best. June 12 (after 5 p.m.) excellent. Daylight hours good except just before midday. June 13 (near 9 a.m. and after 9 p.m.) poor, but late afternoon good. June 14 (forenoon) poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): June 12 (before 8 a.m.) very fair. Balance of week poor. But plan ahead. Good times soon.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): June 8 (especially after 5 p.m.) can be very good. Also June 12 (before 9 a.m. and after 6 p.m.).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be wary of obstacles, worries, undesired changes, or arguments and delays can cause much trouble now. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Much good fortune now this week for through ventures started now, so keep busy seeking advancement and gains. June 9 (after 4 p.m.) very good. June 12 (before 8 a.m.) very good, forenoon poor, but excellent after 6 p.m. June 13 (morning and late evening) poor, but balance fair and sunset hours good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Improvement on recent weeks, but do not be over-optimistic. Plan ahead. Better times soon. Meanwhile, June 12 (except forenoon) fair; June 14 (forenoon and evening) poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Pitfalls await unwary Sagittarians now. Be cautious, especially on June 10, 11, and 12 (forenoon).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): A week for routine work for most Capricornians. June 12 (forenoon, June 13 and 14 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A time for optimism, confident action, and the realization of ambitions. Seek peace and progress. This applies particularly to June 12 (before 9 a.m. and 5 a.m. evening). June 13 (from 10 a.m. to mid-evening) fair, but best near sunset and late evening. June 14 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be guarded now for worries, delays, upsets, and difficulties or discord can prevail. June 10, 11, 12 (early), and June 14 worst. June 15 (morning and evening) poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

United We Stand. Selected from Fox's Movietone News library, this timely documentary traces historical events from 1919 up to America's entrance into World War II. The film is over-long, but holds the interest, and Lowell Thomas' narrative is crisp and dignified.—Civic; showing.

Sin Town. Set in an oil-boom town in the early 1900's, this film is a standard outdoor drama with plenty of rollicking excitement. Brod Crawford and Constance Bennett give convincing performances as a slick "confidence" team, and Leo Carrillo is seen as the oil-lease promoter. The minor romantic angle is supplied by Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** his giant Nubian servant, have cleared up the mystery of a series of attempted murders at an old-fashioned house, where they were spending the week-end with **PRINCESS NARDA:** of Cockaigne. They have seen to the arrest of the instigator of the crimes, an

UNCLE of the owner of the property, who was using an oxbid which gave off fumes that created an urge to kill. All members of the party having recovered from the shock, Mandrake returns to town, where he visits an orphanage to give a demonstration of his magic to the children.
NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

England becoming better place for children

Big wartime increase in creches and nurseries

By MRS. E. BULLMORE, in an interview
Mrs. Bullmore has recently returned from England, where she has been for six years.

The war, which has brought so much danger to the children of Britain, has brought to the poorest of them a degree of care and comfort which only the wealthiest enjoy in peacetime.

The Government scheme of providing nurseries for young children so that their mothers can work in war factories has not only released many thousands of women for war work—it has immeasurably improved the health and prospects of Britain's younger citizens.

I DID voluntary work at one of these creches near a munitions factory in an English town. From my experience of the efficiency with which the scheme is conducted, I feel we may confidently hope that after the war England will be a better place for children.

Mothers were able to work in the factory knowing that their children enjoyed the best possible care and feeding.

There are 1263 such centres in Britain, caring for 54,200 children. Another 368 creches will soon be ready.

They are controlled by the Ministry of Health for the Government, and are situated conveniently near factories, but far enough away to

be safe from aerial attack directed at the factories.

Supplementary schemes, such as extension play hours at elementary schools, community feeding, and evacuation to country nurseries, care for many thousands more.

By tackling this problem of looking after young children while mothers work the Government has released nearly 100,000 mothers.

Mothers have not been compelled to go into war work. Any mother of a child under 14 may be exempt if she so desires.

At first mothers did not want to send their children to nurseries. Now they are so keen about them that they demand them.

In establishing these creches the Government moved with caution. A questionnaire was sent to mothers in districts near factories asking whether they wished for creches.

The response, small at first, grew rapidly as mothers discovered that

at these creches the children were cared for by experts.

Each nursery is in charge of a matron (who is a State-registered nurse), a deputy, and a staff of nurses who are nursery trained, also a proportion of girls who are training in nursery work.

The fully trained paid helpers are assisted by voluntary workers.

Ample staff

THE creches operate on the basis of one paid helper to every four children. With voluntary help it means there is an average of one adult to each three children.

At the creche where I worked, mothers left their children at 7 a.m., and were then ready to start work at the factory at 7.30.

The children, who ranged in age from two to five years, were bathed, fed, and put into clean play garments.

They were taught games until the middle of the morning, then were washed and fed. After a rest of two hours they were given a meal at 4 p.m. and prepared for the mothers, who called for them at five.

The charge at this creche was 9d. per day.

Their food was planned by nutrition experts to suit all ages. The Ministry of Food, which has done a splendid job in Britain, makes special allowances for the needs of children.

Thus at the creche we were able to give them an adequate amount of butter and eggs, as well as plenty of milk, fruit juices, and vegetables.

At creches which are open day and night the charge is 1/6 for 24 hours if the child remains overnight. This sum includes all meals.

Children are admitted to many nurseries from the age of three months.

In addition to these Government nurseries, there are "under-five schemes" run by the Board of Education. Children of two years and over are taken in these classes, which exist in 569 schools.

Twenty-one thousand children are cared for in these ways, and soon 257 more schools will care for another 9000.

These classes have extension play

hours, so that the child can remain at school until the mother calls for it.

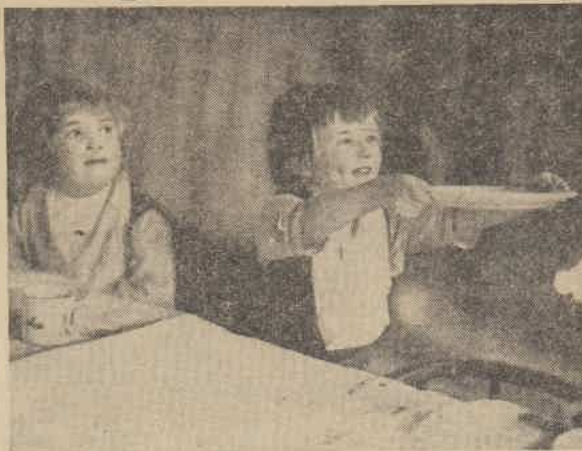
In elementary public schools another 105,000 children aged from three to five are taught and given communal feeding.

Other provisions, such as evacuation and residential nurseries in the country run by the Women's Voluntary Services for the Government, release yet more mothers for war work.

The health of children has improved throughout Britain, and the widespread community interest in the young has caused a marked improvement in hygiene and general care and extension of research in child psychology.

Opening an exhibition of child nurseries recently, the Minister of Health said: "These nurseries have come to stay."

He outlined a peacetime extension of the scheme, whereby a mother would be able to leave her children in a Government nursery if she fell ill, or wished to take a holiday.



OLIVER TWIST in 1943 London. Now, when he asks for more, his plate is willingly refilled with carefully chosen food.



MRS. E. BULLMORE, who tells of the work being done for British children in creches and nurseries.



It's back again in answer to popular demand

"Prisoner at the Bar"

A new series of half-hour dramas based on famous trials.

9 p.m. Saturdays **2GB**

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO EARN A £10 PRIZE

IN

"Star Barometer"

Make a list of the names of the artists you consider the ten most popular singing stars on record, and send it to "Star Barometer," c/o 2GB.

2GB

Full details broadcast
Every Sunday
7.45 p.m.

Australians' part in raid that breached Ruhr dams

By ANNE MATHESON, cabled from London

When Wing-Commander G. P. Gibson, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar (and now V.C., too) led his nineteen Lancasters across the night skies of Europe to breach the three dams and wreck the industrial organisation of the Ruhr he had ten Australians with him.

THEY were all "general duty" men, hand-picked from Bomber Command to train secretly for this job that called for every ounce of their skill and daring.

The Wing-Commander's bomb-aimer was an Australian—Freddie Spafford, D.F.M.—a good-looking, cheerful South Australian pilot-officer, with laughing hazel eyes, brown skin, and regular features.

He dropped the first bomb. It was on Mohne Dam, over which Gibson circled for nearly an hour, drawing off the flank to allow the rest of his team to go into the target.

When that was breached and the waters flooding he led them on to Eder Dam.

So Freddie Spafford saw it all. "A great jet of water shot out from the side of the dam in a two hundred feet stream, as if from some gigantic hose," he said.

"There were 134,000,000 tons of water behind that jet. The weight tore the breach wider as I watched, and the torrent swept down the Ruhr, tumbling everything before it."

"All the time our Lancasters were bombing our Wing-Commander put his kite down almost on the deck, and, sweeping up and down alongside the edges of the dam, drew the fire of the defences and gave our gunners a chance to get in bursts against the Jerry ack-ack gunners."

"When the torrent was properly unleashed and the devastation of a great area started Gibson led the rest of the bombers on to the next target—Eder Dam—and the boys who'd already dropped their stuff on Mohne Dam went back home."

"I hear he's to get a V.C. for the job."

One of the Australian pilots who went on to Eder Dam was Flight-Lieutenant David Shannon, D.F.C., who learned he had got the D.S.O. for the job he did that night as he was going to be invested with the D.F.C. at Buckingham Palace.

I talked to him there before he had time to put up his D.S.O. ribbon. "I was just about to drop my load on Mohne when I saw by the gushing water that the job had already been done," he said. "I went on to Eder and saw railways and roads under water, bridges being swept away, and power plants destroyed by the torrent let loose from Mohne."

Pilot from N.S.W.

IN another Lancaster—"P. for Pop"—four of the crew were Australians. The pilot was Flight-Lieutenant Mickie Martin, of Sydney, who is in the R.A.F. The others were Flight-Lieutenant Johnnie Leggo, D.F.C., of Lake Macquarie (N.S.W.), Flight-Sergeant Tammie Simpson, of Hobart, and as air-gunner, Pilot-Officer Toby Foxlee, D.F.M., of Brisbane.

Leggo has been awarded a bar to his D.F.C. for his part in the raid.

Trim, wiry, and fair-haired, with sensitive hands, Foxlee told me how the Lancasters, passing through Europe's outer defences, had put out many searchlights.

"We had to cross the strong gun-zones that circle the Reich to reach the target," he said, "and we attacked searchlight batteries as we flew on."

"Wing-Commander Gibson led the attack, and our pilot followed in, disregarding the concentrated fire of the guns mounted in the wall of the dam itself."



PILOT-OFFICER F. E. SPAFFORD, D.F.M., of South Australia, chatting with the Duchess of Kent at the Boomerang Club, London, before he gained his commission. He won D.F.C. in the dam raids.

"We came down to 100 feet to make sure of hitting the target right where we wanted to."

"When the Wing-Commander's bombs hit the water it spouted up 300 feet, but the dam held. The second Lancaster bombed, but the dam still held. The third dropped his load—still no breach. Then the fourth plane let go, and this time the dam broke under the strain."

Foxlee told me how, when they had completed a tour of operations, they were all sent to different training centres.

Then suddenly they were rushed back to a secret station and "crowded" up again.

"Gee, it was good to see our old crew again," he said. "We had come from the four corners of England for our special training, and we trained hard."

"Came the morning of May 17, when the blow was struck. We were briefed behind locked doors, and not even our ground crews knew that we were going on the flight for which we had trained."

WAY UP NORTH...with Land Army cotton pickers



COTTON-PICKING at Thangool, in the Dawson Valley, Queensland. These are some of the 74 Land Army girls from N.S.W. who have joined the hundreds of Queensland Land Army girls in helping save the cotton crop in the Dawson and Callide Valleys.



WASHING DAY at the Land Army camp. From left: D. Noonan, G. Laycock, H. Keever, and J. Joyce, all of Newcastle, wash their clothes on a day off. The girls at Thangool are camped in the School of Arts.



SNAKE KILLED in the cotton fields. A five-foot-six brown copper-head is proudly displayed by Land Girl G. Listerwick. Many of the N.S.W. contingent were city girls from Newcastle, but they soon became accustomed to the country.



TYPICAL of the cheery, energetic batch of girls on the cotton fields is 18-year-old Joyce Hansen, of Newcastle. Many Land Army girls formerly worked in city jobs, but they soon adapted themselves to outdoor work and life in the country.



MATRON IN CHARGE of the N.S.W. girls, Mrs. Amy Pickering, hands J. Joyce, of Newcastle, her pay envelope, while other girls wait their turn in the pay queue.



FORMER STENOGRAPHER J. Bailey (right), of Sydney, and Joyce Middleton, of Newcastle, soon became adept at the job. Miss Bailey's previous Land Army jobs included cherry and peach picking.



LUNCH INTERVAL for the southern girls on their journey to Central Queensland. The girls enjoyed their long train trip, and were given a warm welcome from residents en route. People of the districts where they work have helped to make their stay on the cotton fields a happy one.

Continuing . . . Common People

from page 5

He crossed to the dressing-table, opened a drawer and rummaged a while. He went back to the bed and lit a cigarette. "Now," he said, "where do we go from here?" He had a picture in his mind of Bella, the tattooed girl, looking furtively around as she closed the front gate.

Pel returned to the "tomb." Linley came along presently and waved a greeting to Sapolio.

"I had a yarn with Salvi again," he told Pel. "Tell me, Pelham, what was between that chap and Rena Maroni?"

Pel said: "I don't believe Salvi can love anyone but himself. I think he's sick of women."

Linley said: "Rena Maroni might've been a nuisance to him." Pel gave it a moment's thought. "No," he said. "She's not that sort. Too proud. If he didn't want her, she'd never cling. She'd eat her heart out but wouldn't let him know."

"There's a thought there," Linley said.

"Mind telling me what Rorke found out at the circus?"

"No," Linley said, readily. "You'd find out yourself, anyway. He says it was the general impression that Rena was head over heels in love with Salvi. Rorke thinks the sword-walker was in love with her, too, or pretended to be. The circus would be Rena's when the old man died. If she married him he'd be the director or whatever you call it."

Pel's lip curled. "It's another of Rorke's nasty thoughts."

"My own idea of Salvi," Linley said. "Is that he loves 'em and leaves 'em."

"They don't stay on his mind," Pel said.

"Maybe someone different'll turn up one of these days and put him in the shafts."

Someone different! Pel suddenly remembered Bella showing the stencilled snake curled about the calves of her legs and Salvi's look of interest.

He thought of her standing with Salvi in front of his tent that morning, and, again, he saw her stealing away from his house. A man paused outside the shop. He wore an obviously new suit a little too large for him, the trousers almost dangerously creased. The double-breasted coat might have been hanging on a tailor's dummy, it was so stiffly straight. An almost white felt hat, a little too small, perched on his head.

Pel glanced at him, grinned in friendly fashion, and struck the window-pane with his cane:

"Sapolio is on the inside," he cried. "All the best-dressed men in town come to see this marvel of the age. Get your ticket at the window, sir."

The man stepped up to the box. He said to Delphine in an undertone: "Know me? I'm Ricketty."

"Good heavens. I thought you was the Duke of Lancaster."

Ricketty grinned.

"How come?" Delphine asked.

"Met an old school pal. He staked me. Oh boy, what a pal. Listen, lady, the boss wants I should buy a ticket—but you know me. Give me a ticket to make a play and I'll give it to you back later. Compre?"

"Compre," Delphine said, and went on loudly: "There's your change, sir. Step inside the 'tomb'."

Equally loudly, Ricketty said: "Thank you, my pet," and entered the shop, his hand holding the roll ticket extended for all the world to see he had paid to see Sapolio starve. Linley watched him go.

"Who's the tailor's dummy?" he asked.

"Face seems familiar."

Pel said: "Hardly in your class. Small fry. More in Rorke's line."

Linley smiled. "You don't like Rorke?"

Pel grinned back good-naturedly. "I don't like the way he does his hair," he said. "I don't like the chair he smokes."

"Doesn't smoke cigars," Linley said. "At least, I haven't seen him."

Pel was silent a little time before he answered: "Then I won't send him any."

When Linley had gone Pel went through the shop and spoke to Ricketty, who had carefully spread a handkerchief and was sitting on the steps.

"My, my," Pel said. "You have done yourself well."

"Skin says 'Make yourself look like a gentleman,'" Ricketty said, "and what Skin says goes."

Pel reached over and without comment took the price ticket from the outside of the other man's hat-band and threw it away. He said: "We're losing our night watchman soon. He's got a day job. I thought I'd give you a chance here."

"You mean it, Pel?"

"There's a string to it. You'd have to go as teetotal as Sapolio."

"I could do it, Pel. If you and Skin asks me I can do it." He looked down at his new suit. "Word of a gentleman."

"I believe you. Skin says you'll be O.K. It's a responsible job, you know. It's an important job."

"I'm an important man," Ricketty

said. He looked very seriously at his benefactor. "You know something, Pel? It's a great thing having a pair of trousers without a hole in 'em. It does something to a fellow. Kinda gives him dignity."

Pel patted him on the shoulder: "Atta boy."

It was Friday night and the street was crowded with late shoppers and idlers. There was every prospect of good business, but Pel didn't use his lungs unduly.

As a matter of fact, he told his story very quietly and, as each customer walked to the ticket-box, he said in an undertone, loud enough to be heard by those round about, "Don't do anything to upset him. He's very irritable to-day. Thank you. I knew you'd understand."

And, strangely enough, they did. Those thus adjured, and those who overheard, and presently came, curiously, on their heels, moved almost apologetically round the glass "tomb," from which Sapolio glared at them, his big eyes as vindictive as any caged orang-outang's.

A MAN, obeying the notice to the effect that anyone desiring an autographed postcard should pass sixpence through the slot provided, pushed his coin in and waited. Sapolio turned his back on him. The man tapped on the glass and pointed to the coin.

Sapolio turned with a scowl that showed all his white teeth, and a snarl that made all those watching hastily retreat a step or two. He seized the sixpence and savagely thrust a postcard through the slot.

The buyer said: "He's not too polite."

A man alongside said: "You wouldn't be, either, if you'd been four days without food."

The buyer said: "Well, it's his funeral—or p'raps it will be."

He left the "tomb" well pleased with himself, but first held the postcard against the wall of the shop and wrote the word "funeral" upon it so that he could remember what he'd said and tell his friends. He did quite an appreciable bit of quiet advertising for Sapolio.

A man in an elaborately new suit and a white felt hat a little too small for him said: "Well, gents, I've come in to see this poor creature every day since he started fasting, and, personally, I think the man's mad. You've only got to look at him. Take a squint at those eyes. Brooding."

Partly his audience watched Sapolio seat himself at his desk and strop a razor.

"Now," said the man in the white hat, "that had ought to be took away from him."

Suddenly Sapolio threw down the razor and commenced walking up and down his prison, his hands opening and closing as if trying their strength. The waste-paper basket was in his way and he gave it a mighty kick that sent it flying. It struck the glass pane.

"Look out," said the man in the white hat, and everybody stepped back again. Sapolio, however, took no notice of them but went on walking up and down.

"Like a caged lion," a man said and walked out. The man in the white hat followed him. He addressed Pel loudly: "In my opinion," he said so that all might hear, "that man in there will smash his way through the glass before many hours pass. You mark my words."

The man who had come out with him looked around and said in an aggrieved tone: "Like a caged lion."

With a look of concern Pel hurried inside the shop. Quite a number paid sixpences to Delphine and followed him.

"After that," said the man in the felt hat, "I need a drink. Care to join me?"

"Too right." The other was not loath. Together they went to a nearby bar. The postcard buyer was there. He turned from the barmaid: "These gentlemen will tell you," he said.

"Like a caged lion," said the chap who had come in with Ricketty.

Ricketty thought: "This is easy. What a feller for starting things." He let the postcard buyer do the talking. He was telling the barmaid: "I tell you the man's mad. Well, it's his own funeral."

The other man said: "After you left he played up a treat. Started smashing the blinking joint." He

looked at the barmaid. "No place for a woman," he said. "Dangerous."

The barmaid and her girl friend went down to see Sapolio after closing time. They had a shilling's worth each—sixpence to go in and sixpence for an autographed photo. They were nice girls and seemed to have a peculiarly soothing effect on the starving man. Before he gave them the photos he kissed the pictures.

As they went out Pel said: "Thank you very much for coming. A woman's influence is wonderful. This afternoon he was like a raving lion."

The girls placed Sapolio's pictures in a prominent place right next the most popular whisky. It was astonishing the number of customers they showed them to. For a day at least one of them felt like Florence Nightingale.

Pel took a tram and went to Salvi's apartment house. He walked right in and spoke to the proprietress. She was very fat and had blonde ringlets, but Pel could remember her when she weighed eight stone and was a brunette in the front row of the ballet.

"What's Salvi's number, Minnie?" She told him, "Seventeen. But you can't go up, Pel; he's got a visitor."

"That's all right, Minnie. I'm his pal. It's only a message." He smiled disarmingly.

"Well," she said, doubtfully. "If it was anyone but you I'd say 'over my dead body,' but—"

He was past her and mounting the stairs. At seventeen he tapped discreetly on the door. In a moment or two it was opened a few inches and Salvi looked out. He said: "Who is it?"

Pel put his foot in the opening and with a sudden push and a wriggle was inside.

"What's the big idea?" Salvi was angry. He was coatless and barefooted. Behind him Bella, the "tattooed" girl, was sitting on the bed. Pel said: "Hello, Bella."

She did not reply. Her lips set and the mischievousness in her eyes died. She glanced quickly towards the door, which Pel was closing.

"What the—" Salvi began when Pel interrupted.

"Hold your horses, Salvi. I'm not stickybeaking. Let's be comfortable." He pulled up a chair and sat down.

"Mr. Pelham is wondering what I'm doing here," said Bella. Her lips curled. "What are you in now? The vice squad?"

"Now, now, Bella," Pel said. "Don't be nasty. I'm wondering. Of course I'm wondering, but that's only because I don't know much about you. I had it in my head you was running with the Professor."

She uttered an exclamation of impatience. "The Professor!" She laughed scornfully. "I'm no more to him than a drawing-board." She glanced covertly at Salvi, but he was watching Pel.

"All right, all right," Pel said, soothingly. "If that's how it is, it's all right by me. And it's none of my affair."

"Too right it isn't," Salvi said. "What's the idea of bursting in here?"

Pel smoked for a moment, then he looked up and said quietly, "Salvi, you're in a jam."

"I'm in a jam?"

"Yes," Pel said, "a nasty jam. I wouldn't be surprised if you weren't arrested for murder."

Bella cried: "No. Don't believe him, Salvi."

The sword-walker was very pale. He threw away his cigarette and his long fingers moved restlessly through his curly hair.

"Why are they picking on me?" he said at length.

Pel spoke deliberately. "Because, for one thing, you're the sort of fellow you are. Temperamental. The sort that might do anything on the spur of the moment—in a temper, I mean. They think you were in love with Rena Maroni and you went to her flat, and either because you were disappointed or jealous, in a fit of rage, you killed her."

"You're mad," Salvi said.

"No," Pel said. "They're mad. They think it. Not me."

"You mean the police?" Bella asked.

Pel nodded.

"It's only a guess, anyway," Salvi said. "They've nothing to go on."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 9: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 10 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favor."

FRIDAY, June 11: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Goss of Melody.

SATURDAY, June 12: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competitions, "Melody Campfire."

SUNDAY, June 13 (4.15 to 5.15): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, June 14: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 15: Musical Alphabet.

"But, don't you see? Things fit." Pel stubbed out his cigarette. "First you and Rena were friends—great friends. Then Rena runs away with a man."

"Rena? I never knew."

"Maybe not, but you can't prove it. You lost track of her, but at last you found her."

"It was accident," Salvi said. "Pure accident. Why, her name wasn't even on the door of her apartment. Some other name was there."

"It was her real name."

"What do you mean, her real name?" Bella asked.

"Dora May. Her dad's name is May. Maroni's just circus."

"I didn't know," Salvi said. "But you can't prove it." Pel said again. "Anyway, what made you go to the apartment in the first place?"

Bella was listening attentively. Salvi turned away. He walked to the dressing-table and picked up a brush. Slowly and mechanically, without knowing what he was doing, he began to brush his hair. "I can't tell you," he said.

"Meaning you won't."

Salvi swung round. "Get this straight, Pelham. I didn't kill her."

"All right," Pel said, softly. "You didn't kill her. But you went to her apartment the night of the party and came away with the key."

While Salvi stared, speechless, Pel pulled out a latchkey.

"Ever notice a latchkey? See how you have to handle it. It's pretty well impossible not to leave a good impression of your thumb and finger."

The brush dropped from Salvi's hand. He sat down on the bed beside Bella, his head in his hands.

"The trouble is, Salvi," Pel went on, "that the key was found. When it is dusted for prints they'll find yours, won't they?"

Salvi's head swayed from side to side. "But I didn't do it!" He looked up eagerly. "Listen, Pel, I believe you're on the level. I'll tell you."

Bella jumped up and thrust herself between the two men.

"Don't tell him, Salvi," she cried. "Tell him nothing. The dirty little rat. The pimp!"

He found the key himself and he'd turn you over for some miserable reward. But he can't do it. He can't do a thing, see. Listen, Salvi, she sat down beside him on the bed and put her arm about his shoulders. "Don't you say a word. Whatever it is, don't you say a word."

The sword-walker looked at her puzzled. For a moment she gazed at him, then she flung herself into his arms and began to sob.

"Go away," she cried motioning to Pel with one hand behind her back. "Leave him alone. You can't do anything. You're bluffing. You know you're bluffing. He's trying to fool you, Salvi. There isn't any key. Nobody's got any key."

Pel sat motionless, looking down at his toes, smiling a little as the girl's sobs continued. When he looked up Salvi was caressing Bella's hair and as she looked into his eyes he kissed her. Pel's mouth slightly opened. His tongue played with the inside of his cheek.

He said: "All right, Bella. Now that's off your beautiful chest I can tell you to keep your key. I don't want it. Do what you like with it."

Salvi gently put the girl from him and stood up. "What is this?" he asked.

Pel waved to Bella. "Meet Mrs. Galahad," he said, learnedly.

"Mrs. Who?" Salvi said.

"Mrs. Nothing," Bella said. "He's dippy."

"We're all dippy sometime or other, Bella," Pel said easily. "You were dippy when you broke into my house this afternoon."

Please turn to page 20

Nelson Eddy heads popularity poll

Station 2GB's £10 contest

Some time ago a prize of £10 was offered listeners to 2GB's "Star Barometer" session, broadcast at 7.45 every Sunday night, for a list of ten of the most popular singing stars.

The prize was awarded the person whose list came closest to the final point score, based on the votes received from listeners.

IN that competition first place went to Nelson Eddy, a singer who has won many popularity polls in Australia, and claims that his largest fan mail comes from this country.

Now that the list has run out listeners are again offered a £10 prize for naming the ten most popular singing stars of to-day.

Apart from the prize, the competition will be interesting in revealing changes in taste, and the fluctuating popularity of the singers.

In the first contest it was revealed that American singers are more popular in Australia just now than either English or Continental artists. Of the ten chosen, five were American, two Australian, one Canadian, one English, and one a Continental artist, Richard Tauber, now a British subject.

The winning list also included only one crooner, Bing Crosby. He came fourth.

Among those who failed to gain a place were Paul Robeson, Kate Smith, Vera Lynn, Judy Garland, and John Charles Thomas.

Full details of the new competition are broadcast over 2GB in the "Star Barometer" session every



NELSON EDDY, who headed the list in a listeners popularity contest conducted by Station 2GB.

Sunday night. Listeners are invited to send in their lists, which must reach Station 2GB by Saturday, June 26.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3337

F1787

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

TWO HATS AND A BAG

(Hats medium size)

No. 1—Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. french canvas. No. 2—Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. french canvas. No. 3—Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 1d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Fashion Department," to the address in your state, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 12/6/43.

F2846

F2662

F1895

F2846—Charming coat that is equally effective for slim or matronly figures. 32 to 44 bust. Requires 4yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1895—Trio of attractive hats for small girls, 6 to 12 years. Material required for each hat, 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. french canvas. Pattern, 1/4.

F3337—Smartly tailored style for business girls. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1787—Trim jacket and skirt for chilly days. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1 1/2yds. for skirt, and 1 1/2yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2662—Dainty blouse to enliven winter suits. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 1/2yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. lace. Pattern, 1/4.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Organdie throwover

ILLUSTRATED at right is a most charming throwover fashioned from crisp organdie, in white, blue, and pink.

If you want to embroider a throwover for your own use in the spring and summer months to come, now is the time to do it.

You can work it in those leisure hours spent before the fire—simple embroidery as a change from knitting.

The cloth measures 36 x 36 inches, and comes to you traced in readiness for easy embroidery. Edges of cloth can be hemmed or finished with lace crochet.

Price, 3/3, plus 3d. postage.
When ordering, please ask for No. 363.

Trim frock for girl

AT right you see a well-styled frock for 6 to 10-year-olds. The pattern is clearly traced on a staple wool fibre material, in grey, pale blue, burgundy, and rust, ready for you to cut and sew.

Sizes 6 to 8 years, price 16/6 (10 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 17/6 (10 coupons), plus 6d. postage.

Please quote No. 239 when ordering.

Suit for the little chap

THIS useful suit is made from a strong cotton material called lenette. You may have it with the pattern traced on white, coffee, blue, green, pink, and lemon, all in readiness to cut out and run up on the machine.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/6 (5 coupons), 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (5 coupons), plus 3d. postage.

Please ask for No. 279 when ordering.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Fashion FROCKS

"MARY" dainty floral slip

THIS pretty slip is designed in a floral lingerie silk in delicate shades of blue, pink, salmon, and white. It is available ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

The "MARY" slip is trimly made with a bra-sleeve top, six-panel skirt, and will fit sleekly to your figure.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust: Ready to wear, 22/9 (8 coupons); cut out only, 19/11 (8 coupons).
Sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch bust: Ready to wear, 24/11 (8 coupons); cut out only, 22/6 (8 coupons).

Postage, 3d. extra.
How to obtain "MARY." In N.E.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 240613, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given above. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.





SHEEP AUCTION. Lady Gourie, Mr. Ted Body, of Bundemar, Trangie, and Mr. Arthur Collins examine fleece of stud ram which was auctioned for Land Army funds.



VOLUNTARY HELPERS at "Flying Angel" Merchant Seamen's Club. (Seated) Misses M. Gwilliam, E. Devine, N. Orlade, J. Lyon, A. Orlade, V. Ridley, and N. King play with stray kitten found by Norwegian seamen, C. and K. Pederson (left and centre, back row), while British merchant seaman, James Orr, looks on.



RECEIVE UNIVERSITY DEGREES. Dr. Alice Monk Adams (Mrs. Linley Hare) and Jean Grahame, who receives her degree in economics at Sydney University.

Heard Around TOWN

BISHOP HILLIARD performs christening ceremony for Annette Shirley, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cairnduff, at St. Andrew's Cathedral.

After ceremony there is small family party at Cairnduff home at Glebe Point.

JUNE POTTER chooses diamond solitaire as engagement ring when she and fiancé, Lieutenant Lysle Raymond, celebrate announcement at family party at Ashfield.

June is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Potter, of Burwood, and Lysle is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Raymond, of Roseville.

JOCELYN is name chosen by Sergeant and Mrs. Gordon Moore, of Bondi, for their baby daughter, born recently at Helenie Private Hospital.

Mrs. Moore was formerly Hazel Barber.

SURPRISE for guests at Jean Hewett's twenty-first birthday party at Burwood when Jean and Thomas Young (N.A.P.) announce their engagement.

Jean is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hewett, of Pivedock, and Thomas is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Young, of Letchhardt.

ENGAGEMENT announced, Peggy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Adams, of Bellevue Hill, to Corporal J. ("Paddy") Mollroy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mollroy, of Mosman.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Captain and Mrs. John F. Carr cut wedding cake at reception at Betty's, formerly Lois Susan Steege.



R.S.P.C.A. GYMKHANA. Mrs. Jim Bendroff introduces her dogs, Cobber and Toppie, to small Loretta Starr and Neal Anderson, at the R.S.P.C.A. dog gymkhana at Cranbrook Oval.

On and Off DUTY.

RED CROSS Day on June 18 will see Martin Place decorated with Red Cross flags and bunting and flags of all Allied nations.

Lady Walder, who is in charge of Market Day in Martin Place, tells me committee have arranged a number of wonderful stalls.

Lady Kater and her committee are holding an "old and new" stall—one side will have antique china and silver, and the other all kinds of merchandise, such as eiderdowns, cushions, shopping bags.

Lady Morhead is arranging the cake stall, and announces that she has already been promised between 500 and 600 cakes.

Mrs. W. P. Minell tells me she has hundreds of bottles of jam ready for sale at her stall.

Soldier patients in 113th A.G.H. ask if they can hold stall and sell toys and handwork made by them during Occupational Therapy classes. Stall will be stocked and staffed by patients.

HEIRLOOM veil, belonging to the bridegroom's family, is worn by Jean, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Waterworth, of Wahroonga, when she marries Bombardier Malcolm Gordon Davey, A.I.F., at St. Philip's.

Sister of the bride, Nancy Waterworth, is only bridesmaid.

Bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. E. Davey, of Burwood, and the late Mr. Davey.

BETTY GIRLING, who for past year has held a war job, celebrates her 21st birthday with party at her home in Strathfield.

Betty is assisted in receiving guests by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Girling.



SERVICE BUREAU. Mrs. Sally Whitaker and Mrs. H. McWhatters busy registering American servicemen at the new American Red Cross Service Bureau at David Jones', George Street.



SURVIVOR FROM CENTAUR. Staff-Sergt. Dick Medcalf, who shared raft with Sister Savage, shows his identity disc, all he saved from ship, to artists Rita Pancefort (centre front), Eris O'Brien, and Anthony Strange at Guest Night at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicemen.

COUNTRY interest in engagement just announced of Marie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Molloy, of Myretia, Mandurama, to James, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Toohey, of Orange.

PAULINE, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Crossman, of Mosman, chooses Presbyterian Church, Mosman, for her wedding to Richard Harvey Waugh, Leading Radio Mechanic, R.A.N.

Bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Waugh, of Karrawindri, Ebor, and his grandfather, the late Mr. Harvey Waugh, and the bride's grandfather, the late Mr. Aaron Crossman, were friends for sixty years in the Armidale and Guy Fawkes districts.

Sister of bride, Marjorie Crossman, is bridesmaid.



RED CROSS ART SHOW. George Finney and Nan Hautin choose paintings for Red Cross Art Show which opens at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries this Tuesday, with honorary organiser, Mrs. Colin Wyatt.



● English star Anna Neagle will be seen next in RKO's "Wings and the Woman," in which she plays the role of famous flier Amy Johnson, with Robert Newton as Jimmy Mollison. Anna is now devoting most of her time to entertaining the troops in England, and has also been on several bond-selling tours.



● Attractive new study of RKO star, Ginger Rogers, as she appears in "Once Upon a Honeymoon," in which she co-stars with Gary Grant. Ginger recently became wife of Private Jack Briggs.

From musical comedy to drama

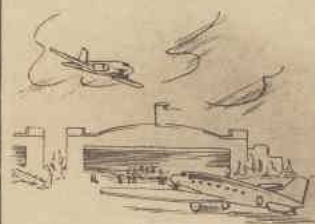
ANNA NEAGLE and Ginger Rogers are probably RKO's two most versatile stars, for both girls have achieved spectacular success in dramatic, comic, and musical roles.

Anna came to America to make London producers forget that she was "England's Most Perfect Chorus Girl" and could really act. At the height of her success she turned from musical comedy to make

dramatic films as "Victoria the Great" and "Nurse Edith Cavell," and now the critics are raving over her portrayal of Amy Johnson in "Wings and the Woman."

Ginger Rogers made a sensational film debut as Fred Astaire's dancing partner. She then proved to be a talented actress in "Primrose Path," and later won the coveted Academy Award for "Kitty Foyle."

In "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Ginger plays a strip-tease dancer.



It is fun to be out in the sun and wind . . . but it makes one's lips so rough and parched. Personally, I take no risks, I always use Escapade Lipstick, and that keeps my lips so smooth and attractive. There is no other Lipstick quite as good. Escapade is made from the formula of our Principals, one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.



Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS



KEEPS HER FIT

A clear skin and bright sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. You, too, can keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking one or two NYAL FIGSEN Tablets to-night at bedtime. In the morning FIGSEN acts—gently yet thoroughly—an ideal laxative for every member of the family. Sold by chemists everywhere.

24 tablets—1/3

Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

fortuna
cloth



FIRST there's Duty! The admiring glance of approval is now cast at the trim smart girl on essential service...the girl who prefers wartime discrimination in make-up the girl who moderately uses

paul
Duval

personalised
cosmetics

OBTAINABLE EXCLUSIVE STORES & CHEMISTS

SWOLLEN GLANDS



IN simple cases of sore throat and swollen glands, early treatment with IODEX will reduce the inflammation and swelling, relieve the pain, and help to prevent more serious developments. In case of persistent glandular swellings, consult your doctor. It may be serious.

★World-wide Authorities use and recommend IODEX as a general First-Aid Remedy.



IODEX
NO STAIN IODINE

The Amazing Mrs. Holliday

Missionary to glamor-girl

UNIVERSAL'S "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday" marks Deanna Durbin's eleventh screen success. Mrs. Holliday, portrayed by Deanna, is a young American missionary who evacuates children from a mission in China.

In seeking refuge for her small charges in America she is compelled to masquerade as a glamorous and wealthy widow. Romantic complications follow and provide the film with an entertaining surprise climax.



1 WHEN JAPANESE BOMBS destroy a China mission, Ruth (Deanna Durbin), an American teacher, evacuates a group of refugee children from danger zone.



2 STOWING AWAY with children, Ruth finds friends in Commodore Holliday (H. Davenport) and Timothy (B. Fitzgerald).



3 WHEN SHIP is torpedoed en route to America, Ruth, Timothy, and children escape in lifeboat, believing Commodore lost.



4 PENNILESS, Ruth poses as Commodore's widow to his grandson, Tom (E. O'Brien).



5 REALISING that she has fallen in love with Tom, Ruth confesses her deception.



6 COMPLICATIONS ensue when Commodore turns up and wants to marry Ruth.



SPECIALIZED MEDICATION FOR HEAD-COLD MISERY

Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rol up each nostril. Spreading over the troubled area, it (1) relieves irritation, (2) shrinks swollen membranes, (3) helps to clear away clogging mucus and make breathing easier.

A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 25c. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-5 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 7822.

Become An Artist—Quickly

Let Brodie Mack Teach You At Home!

At last you are able to learn all branches of art under the supervision of this famous Australian artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home.

Make Money In Your Spare Time

BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable Course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of you reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist.

How To Be An Artist — It's FREE!

NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free. That is why you should send for your copy now. It shows you how to draw—develop your talent—how to cartoon, the secret of illustrating, etc. Fill in the coupon and send at once, NOW!

TEAR THIS
OUT—
POST
NOW!

BRODIE MACK ART SCHOOL, Desk 15,
WAYNE HOUSE, CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY,
N.S.W.
Please send me a copy of your book, "How
to Be an Artist." I enclose 3d. in stamps to
defray postage.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
12/8/43

"Muscle-drag" fatigue
is prevented by a

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSET

A good corset is a necessity for the woman who works. It helps to conserve her energy by supporting her heavier muscular areas. Proper care of your "Lady Ruth" and

CHARMA Brassiere

will make them last so much longer. Launder them regularly and carefully and make necessary repairs in good time.



Good support means better health.

SMART STYLES ... and so budget-wise

• Here is an old shirtmaker frock and jacket made over. You can have that hip bulkiness which is so smart this year by slinging full bulky pockets from the waist of the frock. You could make those pockets from a matching jacket which is looking a bit tired.

• Include this plain untrimmed black crepe wool dress. Its unusual sunray gores, which give soft fullness to the bodice and skirt, introduce an attractive fashion note. For daytime or night this is a simple frock with which to ting in accessory changes.



• Useful and ultra-charming striped wool suit. Notice the nipped-in waist and tailored lines. Heavily-welted edges to the jacket, mock pockets and skirt give character to a tailored suit.



• This grey-blue reversible woollen coat will be invaluable. You can only buy one coat now and this will serve any purpose. It is sporty, suitable for town, and even dressy with the right accessories. The best quality. It will look good and last a long time. As it is reversible, it will not need to be lined and will thus save a number of coupons.

Rams

Men Are So Clever

"EITHER you lunch with me," he said, "or I go and buy a rope, and after that mooch round looking for a convenient hook sort of thing."

So it ended in quite an expensive place, with white carnations on the table. Through them he told her of the crumbling masonry and the decaying aunts.

"Can you think of anything I could do?" he asked her wistfully.

Pay was rarely at a loss for an idea. "What about a Road House?" she suggested brightly. "With the village carpenter we could do most of the necessary alterations, and the banqueting hall and all the rest of it could stay just as it is. You could park all your relations upstairs. And we'd have a grand opening."

He stared at her. "By Jove!" he said. "Look here, will you come on Saturday and look at the place?"

The Walberton case was finished on a Tuesday, six weeks later. It lay on Mr. Gerald's desk, a neat heap of foolscap, tied with a piece of the usual red tape. Yes, there was no denying that Miss Gilchrist was efficient. Her looks, said Mr. Gerald, belied the girl and now he was sorry she must go, but he never weakened. What he had said he had said. If only he had never said it.

Mr. Gerald hid his unpleasant thoughts in Plasmore v. Plasmore. Twitchett intervening. He was so deep in it presently that he never smelt the smoke, nor saw it billowing in through the door, until it was too late.

Voices called. Dim figures like ghosts loomed and were gone. Someone shouted: "No, not the lift. It's a deathtrap."

Mr. Gerald, urged from behind by an unknown hand, climbed a ladder. He found himself on the roof, with the bells of the fire brigade clanging a very long way off. Now Mr.

Continued from page 2

Gerald was brave and strong, but he had no head for heights, and, finding himself suddenly perched up there, he became the prey of unpleasant sensations of all kinds. He knelt and embraced a chimney.

Presently he crawled towards the opening that led back to the office and would have descended again had it not been blocked by someone coming up.

It was Fay. She looked calm and collected, and carried the Walberton case and a tin cashbox under one arm.

"I thought I might as well save these," she said coolly. "Where are you going, Mr. Gerald? Back to the office. Oh no, you don't."

She summed him up in a glance. There seemed only one course open to her. She hit him expertly on the top of the head with the despatch-box. He fell without a word or sound. Then she dragged him along the roof, hoping for the best.

Mr. Gerald read the story in hospital, where he lay with a bandaged head.

"Secretary Saves Employer in City Fire. Inset is picture of Miss Fay Gilchrist, who with great courage..."

Suddenly Mr. Gerald felt gay and carefree and daring, like a boy. He loved the girl. Never mind what he had said about six weeks ago of her. He loved her now. He was going to marry her.

The door opened and Mr. Ian came in. He was less battered and bandaged than Mr. Gerald, having come over the roof under his own steam and not having been cracked over the head. Nothing had really bothered him but a hot slate. He sat down beside his brother's bed. "I have something I want to tell you, Gerald. Fay saved my life yesterday."

"What? Yours?" said Mr. Gerald, taken aback.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I saw the doctor to-day about my loss of memory!"

"What did he do?"

"Made me pay in advance!"

"She got me down the fire escape."

It was she who came and warned me. I hadn't noticed anything. I might have been caught like a rat in a trap. It showed me what I had already begun to suspect—that I am in love with her."

Mr. Gerald said stiffly: "Don't be absolutely absurd. It was my life she saved. The papers said so. I intend marrying the girl myself."

"You? Why, you're too old."

Mr. Gerald said with dignity: "Leave me. My doctor's orders are that I am not to be worried just now."

Mr. Ian was, indeed, about to obey him when the door opened and Lord Vale came in. He looked, Mr. Gerald noticed at once, immensely hale and hearty, and unusually well groomed.

"How kind of you to come," said Mr. Gerald, since it is nice to be visited by peers, however broke. "I am afraid everything is a trifle disorganised just now."

"Not a bit," said Lord Vale, beaming. "A terrible affair. You might both have been killed."

"If it had not been for Miss Gilchrist I would not have been here now," said Mr. Gerald tenderly. "She saved my life."

"Well, she's saved mine, too," said Lord Vale.

Mr. Gerald had the feeling that might have come to a drowning man about to sink for the third time.

"But surely you weren't there, also, my lord?"

"Oh, no, not in that particular fire. But financially I was well ablaze, after smouldering, as you know, for some time. If it hadn't been for Miss Gilchrist I would have soon been completely gutted, like your office," said Lord Vale. "Most astonishing thing. She only broached the subject to me a little while ago. 'Turn it into a Road House,' she said. So we did. She has been helping me. You've no idea how short the cut is from the baronial to the Road House."

Mr. Gerald said weakly: "Dear me!"

"I've parked the aunts in the west wing. I'm keeping the turret for myself—myself and Fay. That is what I just dropped in to tell you. Fay and I were married yesterday."

(Copyright)

Only Good Health Gives Vivacity

AND EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO BE ADMIRER

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism; but people who eat too much, neglect exercise, and disregard pearly skin, dull eyes, inner stagnation and aches and pains soon become "back numbers." The science of happiness is in regulating and well-caring for every organ, tissue, and fibre of the body. The trusted way is to "internally bathe" yourself with R.U.R., which contains a most reliable laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.



stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.

Common People

Continued from page 14

SHE looked at him savagely for a moment, then she turned to Salvi.

"I only wanted to help," she said. "I was outside your tent when he was talking to you and when Rorke came in. I heard what he said about the key and I heard him chat Carey about going to a matinee. I'm not so dumb. I guessed he had the key, and—and I went and got it for you."

Suddenly she turned on Pel, suspiciously. "How did you know?" she asked. "How did you know I had it?"

"It was a trap. I didn't go to any theatre."

"I watched you go in. There's only one vaudeville show."

"I went right in and I came right out," Pel said. "It's an old Scotland Yard custom. I read it in a book."

"So what?"

"So I went home and waited. I even left the key under the mat to save anyone any bother. I was hiding in the house when you came. I saw you go."

Salvi said petulantly: "Will one of you please tell me what this is all about?"

Pel said: "I found the key, Salvi—on the night of the murder—in Sapolo's flat. I didn't know who had lost it. I know it was Rorke's key because it was tied with a little red thread. I let you and Rorke and Carey know that I was going out this afternoon. I thought someone would come and look for the key. I'd given you a pretty broad hint, remember. I never expected Bella."

He smiled at her, but the next moment was serious.

"Listen, you two," he said. "The key's safe with Bella. But Rorke is looking for it. He was keen to find it on you, Salvi, and he had your room searched. If you want me to help, you must trust me."

He looked from one to the other. Salvi looked doubtfully at the blonde.

Pel said: "She did a good job for you, Salvi."

The sword-walker was deep in thought. After a moment he thrust his hand beneath his shirt and pulled out a gold wedding-ring.

"It belonged to my dead mother," he said. "I swear by it that what I tell you will be the truth. You must swear by your own mother."

"No." Color came to Pel's face and he abruptly turned his back. "I never had one to know. All I ever heard about her was lies. I never knew a father either if you must know. I was somebody nobody wanted."

Bella looked up at him, then quickly averted her eyes as he turned.

"You've got a nice kid," she said. "I saw his cot and his photo. I couldn't help noticing."

"That's it, Pelham," Salvi cried. "Say, 'May my child be struck dead if I give you away.'"

Pel said: "I don't mind. It won't hurt the boy. May my son be struck dead if I give you away, Salvi—providing you swear by your mother's wedding-ring that you didn't kill Rorke."

Salvi lifted the ring. He kissed it dramatically. "I swear."

"That's fine," Pel said. "Now we're getting places."

Salvi opened a drawer. He took out a bottle and poured two glasses. He spilled his toothpaste and brush from another and used it himself. They drank. Salvi sat on the bed. He held his glass between his knees, staring at the red wine. He said:

"It is true when I first went to Rorke's flat I didn't know she lived there. I didn't know her real name. But I had been given her address. I went there to kill a man."

To be continued



Aunt Polly says..

Seems like a waste of breath to tell youngsters they'll come to a bad end when nobody can tell 'em for sure where to begin.

Mrs. K. says she can't give her boarders expensive fancy desserts just now. But she still sees they get the best laundered linen in town. It takes Rinso's richer, thicker suds to bring up a white that's really worth havin'.

I always say it isn't how much a man knows but what he knows that makes him smart.

Many a man with a warm heart still has cold feet about matrimony.

Two may not be able to live as cheaply as one, but the cost o' new clothes will worry you less if you link up with Rinso. It's that light-fingered with precious silks and woolies they keep their good looks long after you'd think they'd be done.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.80.2AWW



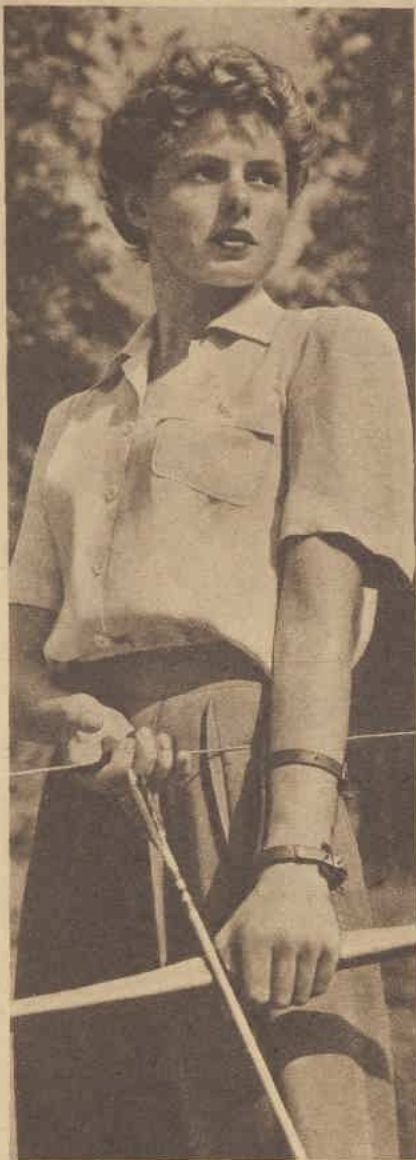
Take two houses side by side in the same street—one is occupied by the Grouchers, the other by Cheeryboys. The Grouchers are always moaning about the taxes, the tram service, the shortage of oranges—even the house they live in looks down in the mouth.

The Cheeryboys "can take it"—whatever it is—with a smile. They buy National Savings Bonds and War Savings Certificates, avoid useless spending, take care of their Feltex floor-covering, and look forward to the day when retail stores will be fully stocked again.

For then the Cheeryboys will have money to spend! They're helping Australia NOW, and helping to make their future brighter, too.

INSERTED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF

FELTEX
FLOOR COVERING



MEDICO would classify this girl, Ingrid Bergman, of Paramount, as a "gazelle." She is no willing lay. She does not hunch her shoulders or roll like a ship at sea when she walks. She stands well; walks with grace and dignity.

How to walk with grace

● Good posture not only gives you poise and dignity, but saves backaches—and headaches.

By MEDICO

"I CAN'T get over the change in Betty," said Mrs. Sanderson rather enviously. "She has developed poise, she looks dignified, and she walks gracefully—what's happened?" I felt inclined to say "Perfectly elementary, my dear Watson," but instead, said "It's really quite simple. It can be summed up in two words: Good posture."

Good posture—being an upstanding woman—not only gives you poise, grace, dignity, charm, and presence, but it saves your backaches—and headaches—and it gives your organs a chance to do their work properly.

When I was a small boy and I saw a man with a beard I would say "Ziff" to myself. Now as I go about the town I classify the people I see as "rabbits," "hippopotami," "gazelles."

The "hippopotamus" type puts her foot down heavily and rolls like a ship at sea. The tummy is stuck out, the chest is flat, and the result is not pleasing.

The "rabbit" sits all bunched up, with almost a semi-circle from buttock to crown.

But the "gazelle" is a joy to behold. With a natural ease and grace, she uses her limbs and back as they were meant to be used. Shoulders are comfortably back, chest up, head up, tummy in and feet pointing straight ahead as she walks. All she needs is a crown to be a queen.

Think of yourself as a "gazelle" type and you're half-way there.

Firstly, let's landmark the body: If you place your hand at the back of your head you will feel a bump. Call that "Curve-out number one." Then between your shoulder blades you'll feel another bump. Call that "Curve-out number two." Then lower down at the base of the spine you'll feel another one. Call that "Curve-out number three."

Now, stand against a straight wall or the end of a wardrobe with the heels one inch from the wall and feel all three "Curve-outs" touching the wall together. Have your feet three inches apart, with the toes pointing straight forward.

Walk across the room, with the feet still pointing forward, and hold the same position, but let the arms swing easily as you walk.

Every morning as you go to town, to business, or shopping walk a few tram stops and practise all this.

It may seem strange at first, but have a side glance in the advertising mirror or shop mirror as you go, and you'll see that it looks good.

In these days of corset shortage train your tummy to be its own corset. While waiting for the bus or tram pull in the tummy under your clothes (no one can see what you're doing). Do this ten times each occasion. Gradually your tummy muscles will strengthen.

When you sit be "up-sitting." Have the three "Curve-outs" in a line, and have the upper parts of the leg flat on the chair.

Pullover designed for tough wear



THIS PULLOVER will serve your ten-year-old long and faithfully.

A BOY of ten is hard on his clothes, is usually quite deaf to the plea, "Be careful of your things, dear."

Cost of replacement does not worry him. He's a busy boy in an exciting world. Too busy to think of mundane things like togs.

Knit him this pullover—and you can hope for the best!

Materials.—12oz. Patons' "Totem" wool. (This is the only yarn which should be used.) Two No. 11 and two No. 9 Beehive knitting needles, measured by the Beehive gauge. A set of 4 No. 11 Beehive knitting needles.

Measurements.—Width all round at under-arm, 28 inches; length from top of shoulder, 17 inches; length of sleeve from under-arm, 17 inches (cuff turned down).

Tension.—To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 6 stitches to an inch, measured over the unpressed pattern.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. and work 23 inches in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 2, p 2; repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k 2.

4th Row: * P 2, k 2; repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k 2. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows twice more.

9th Row: Knit.

10th Row: Purl.

11th Row: As 4th.

12th Row: As 3rd. Repeat 11th and 12th rows twice more.

Carry on straight, repeating these 16 rows of pattern until work measures 12 inches from commencement.

Continued on page 23

Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisons acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back. If you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/- and 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, and Rheumatism.

LEND all you can—Spent when you MUST

Invest in **WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**



Lonely?

No more breakfasts to get in a hurry—and a quick "see you to-night, darling" kiss as he rushed for the 'bus. No more need to hurry home and get his dinner at night. Yes! The place is darn lonely without him.

The best way to make the time pass . . . and to help him back again is to take a war job. There are plenty of war jobs that are full of interest . . . that will make time pass quickly.

Come in and chat with someone at the National Service Office in your suburb or town about your Victory job. You will be found a job that suits you best. So stop being lonely. That Victory job will help to bring him back.

There are Hundreds of Victory Jobs—

- In War Production Factories.
- In Essential Foods Production.
- In Australian Women's Land Army.

THE WOMEN'S SERVICES AUXILIARIES ALSO NEED RECRUITS.



WHY ISN'T HER CHILD EVER LAID UP WITH A COLD?



HERE WAS Bobby, still laid up with a cold. And there was Betty, frisky as a colt! What had become of the cold she had yesterday? How did her mother end it so quickly?



SO I ASKED HER, and she said, "It's because I'm so thorough with colds. I use the treatment that relieves nose, throat, and chest all at one time . . . Vicks VapoRub."



SO I TRIED IT. Bobby loved being rubbed with VapoRub. It made his chest feel warm and comfy, and the vapours it gave off cleared his head. Soon he was asleep, breathing easily.



AND IT WORKED! Next morning, with nose, throat, and chest all relieved, Bobby was well enough to go off to school again. It's wonderful to know that his colds need never hang on any more!

End colds quicker by helping nose, throat, & chest ALL at once

When a child has a cold, his nose, throat, and chest are all in trouble . . . or in danger. Just rubbed on, Vicks VapoRub helps all three. Its healing vapours clear the nose, soothe the throat, ease coughing. And, like a poultice, VapoRub "loosens" chest tightness. This double action breaks up most colds overnight.

VICKS VAPORUB

NOW 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Planned for you . . .

COLD WEATHER MEALS

● Certain foods are short at present, but compared with most countries we have lavish supplies. Menus planned on this page include only ingredients easily obtainable, prepared and served in economical but appetizing - provoking ways.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

MENUS featured here all conform to the up-to-the-minute food strategy that plans for low cost with high nutritive value.

They are well - balanced, appetising. Try them all!

No. 1 Menu

Russian Cream Soup
Steak and Kidney Meat Loaf
Jacket Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage
Sharp Sauce
Apple Pie Wedges
Coffee

The Russian Borsch is a chili-chaser soup that found quick popularity here. Note the use of shredded cabbage and beetroot. A bacon bone added to the veal stock in making improves soup. Sour cream, grated cheese, or chopped bacon are added for further flavor.

Recipe for the soup and the steak and kidney loaf are given. The apple pie can be of the open or covered type. A full flavored apple needs no further flavoring, but certain varieties are improved by the addition of lemon rind, grated pineapple, or any available spices.

STEAK AND KIDNEY MEAT LOAF
One pound minced steak, 1 or 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped



parsley, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Chop kidneys finely; combine all ingredients, pounding well and moistening with a little stock or water. Pack into a greased bar tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

RUSSIAN CREAM SOUP

One and half pints veal stock, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 cup shredded raw cabbage, 1 cup shredded raw beetroot, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Simmer the cabbage and onion in

the stock for five minutes. Add flour, blended in a little cold water. Simmer gently and then add the milk, stirring in slowly, with the soup well off the boil. Add the beetroot and cheese, and serve piping hot, with 1-inch cubes of fried bread.

No. 2 Menu

Vegetable Bacon Broth
American Meat Biscuit Rolls
Diced Carrot and Parsnip, Spinach
Brown Gravy
Chocolate Fluff
Coffee

The stock for the broth on the menu can be made from strained vegetable water. Simmer with fresh garden herbs and bacon rinds. Strain and simmer for a few minutes only with fresh grated vegetables and a little chopped bacon. Serve steaming hot.

The recipe is given for the meat biscuit rolls. The chocolate fluff is a jelly made from hot milk cocoa or chocolate whipped to a fluff just before serving. Hot black coffee to follow.

AMERICAN MEAT BISCUIT ROLLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1 cup milk, 2 cups minced cooked meat, 1 teaspoon onion, 2 tablespoons brown or white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Sift the flour and salt, rub in butter and mix to a soft dough. Knead lightly until smooth and roll to a thin, oblong sheet. Spread with mixture of meat, onion, sauce, and parsley, seasoned to taste. Moisten edge of dough and roll firmly as for Swiss roll. Cut into service size pieces, place in overlapping line on greased oven dish. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

No. 3 Menu

Braised Shoulder Chops
Whole Onions, Mashed Turnips
Browned Potatoes
Lemon Flapjacks
Tea

Those cheaper cuts of meat are made tender and delicious by long, slow cooking. Long cooking does not lower the nutritive value of meat, but it destroys the value of vegetables. When adding vegetables to a stew or casserole allow just sufficient cooking time to make them tender and palatable.

The whole onions will steam on top of the chops. This saves fuel as well as giving further flavor to the chops. To quicken cooking time

APPLE PIE is an all-time favorite. Served in wedges with hot coffee in front of the fire, it achieves new triumph for dinner or supper. The nut-be sprinkled garnish is a stiffish cornflour mixture—not real cream!

for the meat add 1 tablespoon vinegar to each 1 pint of liquid.

Lemon juice served with the flapjacks supplies vitamin C to this menu. A sauce of lemon juice and honey for a family treat!

LEMON FLAPJACKS

Four ounces flour, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 cup milk.

Combine ingredients into a smooth batter. Drop spoonfuls on a hot greased frying pan or griddle iron, turn with a knife, and serve freshly made with sugar and lemon.

No. 4 Menu

Pea Soup
Mock Chicken Pies
Minted Carrots, Browned Potato Slices
Golden Marmalade Puddings
Coffee

At the time of writing there are good stocks of dried peas on the market. Use them for soups, for rissoles, meat loaves, and as a vegetable.

In the old days they were called poor man's meat; in these days they are recognised as good protein food to eke out the meat allowance.

The mock chicken pies can be made from mutton or rabbit meat. A little magic from fresh garden herbs, a bland white sauce, and a crisp light pastry, and I defy the most epicurean member of the family to prefer the real variety to the mock.

MOCK CHICKEN PIES

Six ounces good short pastry, 2 cups finely-minced mutton or rabbit, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped thyme, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped bacon.

Combine the filling ingredients, pounding well. Roll the pastry, cut into rounds. Line patty tins with pastry. Fill with the mock chicken mixture and top with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

GOLDEN MARMALADE PUDDINGS

Four ounces flour, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1-3rd cup milk.

Rub fat into sifted flour, add sugar, beaten egg, marmalade, and lastly soda dissolved in the milk. Steam in four small greased cups for 30 minutes.

How to grow Lettuce

TOUGH, bitter lettuces are the result of sowing seeds or setting out seedlings in poor soil—then letting the plants hunger and thirst.

But grow lettuces in rich soil, apply liquid manure generously, and water in plenty, and you'll produce a vegetable that is green, fresh, crisp—and delectable.

Both rotted manure and a complete commercial fertiliser rich in nitrogen are needed for lettuce. It is useless to try to grow this hungry, rather fastidious plant in poor soil. Such treatment invites failure.

Lettuces also dislike a sour soil, and if the land is acid it should be limed where the lettuces are to grow. A well-drained spot should be selected, and after the lime and fertiliser are added the soil should be worked until it is light and friable.

Even young plants are hardy, and light frosts will not hurt them if properly hardened off before transplanting. Seedlings raised outdoors in open beds are usually best for early winter sowings. Sow the seed 1 inch deep, in rows from 15ins. to 16ins. apart. Thin the seedlings at first to stand 2ins. apart, and as they begin to crowd thin again until each plant has sufficient room to develop—say, about 12ins. each way. Successive sowings are necessary, as plants tend to become bitter and go to seed as hot weather approaches.

The heads of most lettuces should be ready for use in ten weeks if properly sown, but some varieties take slightly longer.

Birds are very troublesome to lettuce seedlings along the coast, and wire-netting covers are needed to keep them off. Black thread stretched criss-cross from short stakes above the rows will also keep sparrows, doves, bulbuls, and other birds at bay.

The principal disease of the lettuce is spotted wilt, an incurable virus trouble. This may be recognised by yellowing and the development of parchment-like centres, which are slimy to the touch.

Slugs and snails can be controlled by baiting with meta and bran, or ringing plants with equal parts of lime and tobacco dust.—Our Home Gardener

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

a friend in need for

Stomach Pains

Every day you continue to suffer from stomach trouble or indigestion is one more day of regret for you. But by starting NOW with De Witt's Antacid Powder you ensure instant relief from the first dose . . . permanent freedom from dreaded pain after meals . . . return of an eat-what-you-like digestion. That's what De Witt's Antacid Powder brings to every victim of digestion disorders.



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis.
From all chemists & storekeepers, in large sky-blue canisters, 2/6

STEAMED BREAD...

wins this week's prize

HOME-MADE soda breads and dampers are having a new kitchen vogue.

They are inexpensive and easy to make, delicious and homely when fresh—and good winter fare when toasted.

The prize-winning recipe has a different turn. It is steamed instead of baked.

The utility cake recipe was accompanied in the post by a good hearty slab. It tasted good. Mrs. Dawson writes that the recipe was sent to her from York.

STEAMED BREAD

Two and a half cups flour, 2 cups wheaten meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon melted syrup, 1 tablespoon melted butter, milk to mix.

Rub fat into flour and meal very finely. Add salt, baking powder, and syrup, and mix with milk to fairly stiff consistency.

Put into greased loaf-pan with lid and steam 2 hours.

When quite cold cut in very thin slices.

N.B.: Self-raising flour may be used or 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate soda with 2 tablespoons lemon-juice (or 2 extra tablespoons syrup) in place of baking powder.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. R. Harrison, Black Swamp, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

PUMPKIN CAKE

One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup warm mashed pumpkin (just under 1 lb. of pumpkin makes the necessary cup). A nice deep color gives a better

● Clever housewives delight in experimenting with everyday recipes in order to give dishes fresh appetite appeal. Send in your latest recipe transformed by a culinary trick into something worth passing on. Cash prizes are given every week for good recipes.

color to the cake when cooked). 1 packet mixed fruit, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then vanilla—then gradually add the pumpkin. Next add the mixed fruit, and lastly the self-raising flour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Mitchell, 26 Forster Ave., S.E.S., Melbourne, Vic.

UTILITY CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. fat, 5oz. dried fruit, 1 large tablespoon of syrup or honey, 1 large tablespoon of marmalade, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (if liked), 1 scanty teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teacup of milk, 1 tablespoon of vinegar.

Melt margarine or fat and syrup. Stir in marmalade and milk. Dissolve carb. soda in vinegar (do this last) and add a little sugar if liked.

Bake 1½ hours in moderate oven. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dawson, 66 Muston St., Mosman, N.S.W.

RECIPE FOR ICE-CREAM

This recipe makes 3 pints of ice-cream for about 1/-.

Make a junket with 1 pint milk in which has been dissolved 1 cup of sugar. Then whip the contents of a tin of unsweetened milk (which has been in refrigerator to cool) until it is like whipped cream. Gradually add 1 teaspoon of gelatine dissolved in little warm water. Add junket and teaspoon of vanilla essence. Mix all together, put in trays and freeze until thick around edges (about 1 hour). Turn into basin and beat well. Return to tray and

freeze. Repeat this once more and freeze ready to use. If desired, a tablespoon of condensed milk may be added to give a rich flavor.

This simple recipe will more than compensate the lack of fresh cream, which is now unobtainable.

The delicious flavor and small cost should appeal to all ice-cream being a general favorite all the year round.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Colwell, 16 Park Ave., Burwood, N.S.W.

LAMB AND BACON WHIRLS

Half-pound bacon rashers, 1½lb. minced lamb, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon hot sauce, pinch marjoram, 1 egg, 1 cup seasoning.

Arrange bacon on sheet of grease-proof paper, with one slice overlapping the other. Combine lamb with remaining ingredients and bind with beaten egg. Spread evenly on to bacon. Roll like pin-wheel cookies, wrap tightly in greaseproof, and chill thoroughly. Secure bacon with picks at 1-inch intervals. With a sharp knife cut into 1-inch slices. Place on greased oven slide or small dish. Cover with greased paper and bake 35 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 3/6 to Mrs. L. Bunte, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra, Vic.

SUET PUDDING (EGGLESS)

Two cups flour, 1 cup finely-chopped suet, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups fruit (currants, raisins, or dates can be mixed).

Sift flour, spice, and baking powder together, mix suet in well, then add other ingredients and mix to a nice consistency with water or milk. Tie in cloth and boil about 3 hours. Serve with custard if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Gathercole, Horsfal, via Noojee, Vic.

Home nursing and first aid

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is a good plan for every mother to equip herself with a simple knowledge of home-nursing and first-aid.

In every home where there are young children simple accidents (and sometimes serious ones) will occur from time to time.

Prompt action when such accidents occur can often save much trouble and suffering.

A leaflet dealing with holiday risks and emergencies has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free, if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Pullover designed for tough wear

Continued from page 21

HERE shape armholes (still keeping pattern carefully): Cast off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of next 4 rows.

Carry on straight until back measures 16½ inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shapings are reached.

Next Row: Cast off 6, work 35 in pattern and leave on a spare needle, cast off 6, pattern to end.

Next Row: Cast off 6, 35 in pattern. Continue on these 35 stitches in pattern, decreasing at armhole edge on next 4 rows only and at neck edge on every row until 24 remain.

Now work straight in pattern until front is same length as back, then shape shoulders by casting off 8 stitches at beginning of next 3 alternate rows, armhole edge.

Join wool to remaining stitches and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles, cast on 50 stitches and work 2½ inches in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to pattern and No. 9 needles, increasing at each end of every 8th row until 72 stitches are on needle.

Carry on straight until side edge measures 17 inches.

Shape top by casting off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog., at each end of every row until 16 remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew together side, shoulder and sleeve seams; insert sleeves. With front of work facing pick up and knit 128 sts. evenly round neck edge, using the 4 No. 11 needles. Work 1 inch in k 1, p 1 rib; cast off loosely in rib.



CULINARY TRICKS can transform plain foods into menu triumphs. Brown the meat in the frying-pan, as demonstrated by Ruth Hussey, of MGM, before stewing in a casserole or stew-pan. This gives a rich, full-bodied flavor to the stew.

LEMON YEAST

Three tablespoons plain flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, juice of 2 medium-sized lemons, 2 cups lukewarm water.

Mix flour, sugar, and lemon juice together, add water, pour into bottle, and cork tightly. A new bottle will take about 48 hours to work yeast. When well seasoned, bottle works very quickly. This yeast is suitable for any bread, buns, etc.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Williams, 1 Parkes St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

ECZEMA FOOT TROUBLES

All day long you're on your feet—standing or walking. No wonder they hurt and your ankles swell. Take more care of them by massaging with Flexibar Ointment.

If yours is a case of eczema, ulcers or poison wounds on the feet or legs, be sure to use Flexibar. For cuts and other everyday injuries it heals without a scar. It softens hard skin and corns and makes the feet comfortable again.

The valuable Tri-tol Oil—a most powerful germicide—in Flexibar makes it easily absorbed into the skin, soothing pain and reducing swelling and inflammation.

Ask your Chemist for

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full size jar. From all chemists and stores.

If not available locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 272 Kent Street, Sydney; or 355 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

"ITS QUALITY NEVER VARIES"

Asthma Trouble Curbed in 3 minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 2 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to actually completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
RELIEVES ASTHMA 6/- & 12/-

Is there a MAZDA in the house?



Reading between the lines is sometimes easier than reading the lines themselves when there's a poor light to see by. It is hoped that his lordship's fury will not unbalance the scales of justice... which shows how important it is, in high places, as in the humblest home, to use MAZDA Electric Lamps. THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER.

WARTIME MORAL

Do not switch lights on unnecessarily. Economise by using dependable pre-tested MAZDA electric lamps of the correct wattages—they stay brighter longer. Invest the money you save in War Saving Certificates.



MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LTD. Distributors for THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD., ENGLAND

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES' STORES



This economy year, LISTERINE Tooth Paste comes into its own! It goes further! Cleans better! Saves you money!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Contains only the finest dental powders, creamed for convenience—plus the Antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself, something you get in no other dentifrice. There's over 4-lb. of tooth paste in the large tube.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff Itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germs with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.



To relieve skin irritations

The famous Cuticura Ointment touches the skin itching, itchy and irritating spots. Its univalued antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs, soothes blood poisoning, and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clear healing Cuticura is unobtainable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM



Speed the Day...

MOTHERS... WIVES... SWEETHEARTS... ALL OF US!! What a day it will be! A day when men and women will throng the streets... singing... laughing... cheering... weeping... shouting... "IT'S ALL OVER!"

We all know this day must come... A day of Victory over tyranny and murder... A day of triumph for a free people pledged to the democratic way of life.

Let us speed this day of Victory... as if its coming depended on each one of us alone... We can assure it and speed it if we are prepared

to make the sacrifices it demands... Let us be real Australians... Let us work... Let us do without... Let us give... Let us lend... Let nothing we can do be left undone in this fight for freedom. Worthy of the men they send to battle and the love that goes with them... our womenfolk are writing a new and glorious page in our history... By devotion to duty with our fighting services and on the home front... they are bringing the day of Victory closer... They count this as a little thing to do... for they are the daughters of Anzac... **THE WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA.**

DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE GREATNESS OF AUSTRALIA BY

Prestige LIMITED